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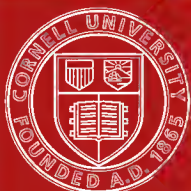
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GOETHE'S
HERMANN AND DOROTHEA

TRANSLATED INTO
ENGLISH HEXAMETER VERSE.

BY
MARMADUKE J. TEESDALE.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :
FREDERIC NORGATE,
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INTRODUCTION.

IN 1796, when Goethe wrote the greater part of this poem, he was in his forty-eighth year. Ever the favoured child of fortune, happy in all this world has to bestow, he had for twenty-two years past found in the Grand Duke of Weimar a kind and liberal patron, and lately in Schiller, the chief of all blessings,—a congenial and appreciative friend. It is impossible to over-estimate the advantages which resulted to themselves, and the world of literature, from the co-operation of these two master minds. Enough for us that soon after their intimacy had been established, both Goethe and Schiller, who had been wandering too far into the regions of mysticism and romance to be able to find expression in song, felt themselves once more inspired. Goethe, who was always too much of a realist, and threatened to become a confirmed dilettante, finished off, under his friend's critical eye, his "tedious and planless" novel of *Wilhelm Meister*; and "*Hermann and Dorothea*" and "*Wallenstein*" were the precious fruits of that spring that was revivifying the hearts of the two friends, and was to usher in a new era for German national literature.

But if we owe the idyllic calm and cheerfulness of the poem to Goethe's happy social circumstances, and its purity and simplicity to the effect of Schiller's mind upon his, there were other influences at work to which may be attributed its spirited and manly style. Already in Sicily we find our author reveling in the *Odyssey*, and planning a poetical treatment of *Nausicaa*; and in November, 1793, he had written to Jacobi—

"In order to attempt something imperishable I have betaken myself to Homer, and hope to find food there to last me for the remainder of my life." Gervinus says that Goethe intended to write an Idyll, and when the poem was completed he was astonished to find that it was an Epic. But, in a letter to Meyer, Goethe writes: "I have endeavoured in an Epic crucible to free from its dross the pure human existence of a small German town, and at the same time to mirror in a small glass the great movements and changes of the world's stage."

In the Elegiac which forms the introduction to the original poem, Goethe also avows his intention of trying his hand at epic composition. "Let us drink," says he, "the health of that man [1] whose daring has at last freed us from the appalling name of Homer, and has thrown open new fields for us poets. Who would dare to struggle with the Gods? and who would measure his strength with this one? Still even to be an imitator of Homer, at however great a distance, is a delightful thing." Gervinus admits, however, that "Hermann and Dorothea" is perhaps "the one single poem which modern ages might not be ashamed to offer without explanation to a resuscitated Greek: there is no other in which Grecian form is so intimately blended with German art." I have in the Notes at the end of the translation directed the reader's attention to several Homeric touches and parallel passages, for which I am indebted to Dr. Timm's Commentary, and which show how thoroughly Goethe had entered into the spirit of the Father of all Song.

Other features of the poem we can trace to the influence of the times in which it was written. The actual incident which

suggested it seems to have happened some sixty years before, on the expulsion of the Protestants of Salzburg by the Archbishop of that place, and to have fallen in Goethe's way in the shape of a little story published at Leipsic in 1732. With marvellous genius he adapted the romance to his own times and scenes, and transformed a commonplace tale of humble life into what Schlegel called "a book full of golden precepts of wisdom and virtue," and Schiller did not hesitate to describe as "the pinnacle of his (Goethe's) and all our modern art!"

In this poem, which is throughout calmly emotional, and never dramatic or sensational (Schlegel), the fearful events of the French Revolution are kept entirely for the background of the picture. They are only viewed by us in their negative aspect,—that is, as they affected the German subjects,—the exiles of the poem,—who were driven from their homes on the left bank of the Rhine by the invading French armies. Troops of such emigrants, of whose misfortunes Goethe had probably himself been a witness when he took part in company with the Grand Duke in the disastrous campaign of 1792, were, at the very time that this poem was being composed, arriving in the neighbourhood of Weimar.

The greater part of "Hermann and Dorothea" was written at Jena, whither Goethe had betaken himself on the 18th of August, 1796. At the end of October, Schiller writes to Körner, "Goethe has now a new poetical work on hand, the greater part of which is finished. It is a sort of Idyll of city life, not altogether suggested by Voss' 'Louise,' but reanimated by it: it is however entirely different in its treatment. It is wonderfully well designed and worked out

“ in the tone of a genuine Epic. He had been carrying the idea in his head for several years, but the execution of the work, which has taken place as you may say under my very eyes, has gone forward with astonishing ease and rapidity, so that on every day for nine consecutive days he has written more than one hundred and fifty hexameters.” The distracting life at Weimar, whither our author returned in October, was not particularly favourable to the continuation of the poem, added to which Goethe and Schiller were in great demand on account of the excitement which their joint production, the *Xenien*, had occasioned,—a series of epigrams directed against their literary enemies the poetists, and exposing their weak points wittily enough if perhaps a little spitefully. During a three weeks’ stay at Ilmenau, Goethe must have made some further progress with the poem, for he did not return to Jena until the end of February, 1797, and already on the 4th March he writes to Schiller from that place, “ Only another two days and the treasure will be dug out, and when I have once got it above ground the polishing will be a comparatively easy task.” But since even here at Jena he had many social and other claims upon his time, he prolonged his stay until April, when he had the satisfaction of being able to take back with him to Weimar the last four cantos, with the exception of a part of the ninth.

On the 29th April Goethe writes to Meyer the painter, “ The poem of Hermann and Dorothea is finished. It consists of two thousand hexameters, and I have divided it into nine cantos. I find my wishes partly realized. My friends are very well satisfied with the work, but the important thing is to know how it will bear your criticism. The

“ painter of nature submits his composition to your high tribunal, and is anxious to see if, under their modern costumes, you will be able to recognize the proportions of the man and the form of his limbs.”

That the proportions were artistically modelled was at least Wieland's opinion, who said that “ in reading the poem he had become convinced that Goethe was born to be an artist. The figures are splendidly drawn in great Raphaelite outlines. They are figures cut in marble. One must not think of colour. This Goethe could doubtless have supplied if he had wanted to paint, but this is sculpture, and in the very best style.”

The reception of the poem was favourable, but its beauties were not immediately recognized beyond Goethe's own immediate circle. It was generally considered as an imitation of Voss' “ Louise,” which had appeared two years before, and which had by its charming naturalness delighted all, including Goethe himself, who looked upon it as a meritorious return to the severe and simple lines of ancient art. But if “ Hermann and Dorothea ” is a piece of sculpture, “ Louise ” is a painting and that after the Dutch school, full of elaborate details and tedious puerilities, and Voss himself acknowledged that Goethe's poem contained some parts for which he would have given his whole “ Louise.” “ I saw the commencement of it,” says Schiller in a letter to Meyer, “ and wondered as much at the way in which it grew into existence as at the work itself. Whilst we others are obliged laboriously to collect and sift in order to produce something passable, Goethe has only softly to shake at the tree, and the finest fruit falls ripe and heavy at his feet.” And in a letter to Goethe, “ The poem is positively perfect of

“its kind. It is powerfully pathetic, and yet charming in the highest degree. In short it is as beautiful as it is possible to be.” W. von Humboldt assigned the same high position to the poem, making it his exponent of the laws of Epic, or more properly speaking, of all kind of poetry, and since Humboldt, other industrious commentators have written volumes upon its merits.

Goethe’s own opinion was expressed later—“Hermann and Dorothea is almost the only one of my larger poems which still satisfies me. I can never read it without strong interest. I like it best in the Latin translation. There it seems to me nobler, as if it had returned to its original form.” Again, “With pleasure and satisfaction the poem was written, and to my mind it bears this impress upon the face of it. The subject, and the unfolding it, penetrated me to such a degree, that I never could read the poem without great emotion, and it has the same effect upon me after the lapse of so many years!” This is confirmed by Frau von Wolzogen, who relates: “I remember how Goethe, not long after he had composed it,—read to us in heartfelt agitation, and with rising tears, the Canto which contains the conversation of Hermann with his mother. ‘Thus one is melted by one’s own fires!’ said he, drying his eyes!”

Such is the history of the poem which I have endeavoured to present to the English reader, and such the opinions of it expressed by Goethe himself and contemporary critics. Posterity, at least in Germany, has added its testimony to its merits. It is universally read and admired but, as Mr. Lewes has explained in his life of Goethe, it is chiefly a favourite with the people and the highly cultivated classes, there being

a middle or third class not sufficiently cultivated to find a charm in the simplicity of the poem, or distinguish it from baldness.

I believe that "Hermann and Dorothea" is little read in England, except by those who are able to appreciate the beauties of the original. The rapid manner in which all previous translations—and there have been several, in various metres—have dropped out of sight after the manner of this description of literature, does not give me much encouragement for the success of my own attempt, though it perhaps justifies me in presenting a fresh version to my English friends.

A few words as to the Metre. Fraser's Magazine (No. 41), in reviewing two previous translations, says, "If the translation of a poem into prose be, as a German writer has lately declared it, a literary murder, the translation of a poem into a different form of verse is a literary mutilation." So far, so good: but until I had completed my task, and referred to the authorities, I was not aware what a hydra-headed monster I had assailed in the shape of the English hexameter. I was, as I proceeded, sensible of a certain bluntness in my weapon, and now that, by the light of the said authorities, I glance back through my lines, I find that the monster is still unslain. There are trochees instead of spondees, doubtful dactyls, and a lamentable disregard of cæsura and synalæpha. I have not even been able to squeeze in the word "Egypt," which Southey, in the preface to his "Vision of Judgment," declared was the only true spondee in the English language. As a matter of fact, however, I have not attempted to write according to the strict rules of Prosody, subject to which I believe the metre would be as impracticable in the German language

as in our own, and have devoted my attention to accentuating as much as possible the important words, by which it seemed to me that, whether the lines were hexameters or not, the metrical flow was tolerably preserved, and a fairly readable verse produced.

M. J. T.

ELTHAM, *October*, 1874.

[The figures within brackets in the text refer to Notes at the end of the work.]

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

CALLIOPE.

“ NEVER I’ve seen, I declare, the streets and the market so empty !
“ Clean swept out is the town, and as still as the grave ; I should
fancy

“ Out of all our townsmen there cannot be fifty remaining.
“ This curiosity does ! How every one hurries and scurries,
“ Dreading to lose the sight of the poor unfortunate exiles !
“ Three long miles from hence is the road by which they are passing,
“ Yet people climb up there in the sweltering heat of the noonday.
“ I would not stir an inch in order to witness the troubles
“ Of these homeless folk, who with their rescued possessions,
“ Leaving the beautiful land on the other side of the river,
“ Seek an asylum here, and wander along unmolested
“ Through the winding glades and paths of this plentiful valley.
“ Well have you acted, my dear, to send your son out so kindly
“ With old linen and victuals to clothe and feed the poor people.
“ How the young fellow drives ! and how he masters the horses !
“ Right down well looks the chaise, the new one,—and roomy, for in
it

“ Four can sit at their ease, besides the man on the coachbox.
“ Now he’s driving alone ! How lightly it rolls round the corner !”
So said he to his wife, as he rested himself at his house door
Fronting the market place, mine host of the Golden Lion.

Thereupon answer'd she, his prudent sensible goodwife,
"Little inclin'd was I, father, to give up the old linen pieces,
"Many a way they're useful, and not to be had for the money
"Just when they're wanted may be, yet to-day I gladly surrender'd

"Many a first-rate bit, both pillow-cases and nightgowns,
"Hearing of young and old with little or nothing upon them.
"But I must ask your pardon that e'en your stores have been rifled :
"Chiefly the dressing-gown too, the one with the Indian flowers,
"Made of soft cotton stuff, and lin'd with the finest of flannel,
"Went,—for it's thin and worn, and altogether old fashion'd."

But thereat he smil'd, the excellent landlord, and answer'd,
"Yet I don't like losing the old cotton gown,—it was made of
"Genuine Indian stuff, and long may I look for its equal.
"Well! I had left it off, for now-a-days one must be ever
"Seen in a morning coat, or strutting about in a jacket [2]
"And top-boots, forsooth! instead of one's slippers and nightcap."
"Yonder I see," said his wife, "some people already returning,
"Who must have seen the procession—'tis probably over by this time ;

"See how dusty their shoes all are and how heated their faces !
"Each one uses his kerchief to wipe the sweat from his forehead.
"I should not care myself to run such a distance to see it,
"Struggling and pushing like that,—it's enough to hear all about it."

Then the honest father declar'd with emphasis, "Seldom
"Have we had weather like this to ripen a harvest like this one !
"We shall carry the fruit, as the hay has already been carried,
"Safely,—for clear is the sky and there's not a cloud in the heaven,
"While with delightful coolness the easterly breezes are blowing.
"This is weather to last ! and over ripe is the corn, so
"We must begin to-morrow to cut the plentiful harvest."

Whilst he was speaking the crowds of men and women grew larger,
Each one wending his way across the market-place homewards.

There too the wealthy neighbour came driving back with his daughters

In his open coach, which had been manufactur'd at Landau,
Swiftly whirl'd along—(the biggest man in the county)—
To his new-built house on the other side of the market.

Full of life were the streets, for the town was swarming with people,
Great was the business done, and many the trade that was plied there.

Thus the loving old couple were sitting under the doorway,
Pleasing themselves with conjectures about the fate of the exiles,
Till the worthy goodwife began by saying, "Look! this way,
"Parson is coming, and—Yes! our neighbour the Doctor is with
him!

"Now we shall get from them a full account of the matter,
"What they've seen out there, and what was distressing to look at."
Then the other two with hearty greetings approaching,
Sat themselves down on the bench, the wooden one, under the
doorway,
Shaking the dust from their feet, and fanning themselves with their
kerchiefs.

First the Doctor began, and began too a little morosely,
"Such is the way of men, and one's as bad as another!
"Liking to gape and stare when his neighbour gets into trouble:
"This man rushes to look at the fire which pours forth destruction,
"That, the poor convict pass on his painful way to the gallows;
"Now all the world is agog to see the unfortunate exiles,
"No one expecting the least that a similar fate may await him
"Sooner or later, perhaps—the folly of men is astounding!"

Then to him replied the high minded, sensible Vicar, [3]
—He, the pride of the town, a youth, yet verging on manhood;
He was acquainted with life, and knew the wants of the people,
Fully impress'd was he with the priceless worth of the Bible,
That discloses to us the fate of man and his feelings;
Thoroughly well too he knew the best of the secular writings.

—This one spoke : “ I cannot find fault with that innocent instinct
“ Which to mankind from the first our good mother Nature has given.
“ Oftentimes we can effect by some irresistible impulse
“ That which both our reason and wit have failed to encompass.
“ —If man were not allur’d by curiosity’s promptings,
“ How could he ever discern how perfectly all things created
“ Work for each other’s good ? For first he longs for a new thing,
“ Then with untiring zeal he pries into that which is useful,
“ Lastly he yearns for the good, which exalts and makes him
deserving.

“ Levity is to him in his youth a pleasant companion,—
“ Blinds him to danger, and wipes away with merciful swiftness
“ Sorrow’s bitter tears, as soon as the evil is vanish’d.
“ He is indeed to be praised in whom such frolicsome humours
“ In his riper years give place to a wise understanding.—
“ Who in success or mishap bestirs himself with alertness,
“ For he repairs the ill, and brings the good to perfection.”

Amiably then began at once th’ inquisitive good wife,
“ Tell us all you have seen, I am dying to know all about it.”

“ Scarcely so soon can I,” replied the Doctor more gravely,
“ After all I have learnt, relate the news with composure :
“ Who could well describe that most strange medley of exiles ?
“ Even now from afar before we came down from the meadows
“ Saw we the dust, whilst already from hill to hill there extended
“ Far away out of sight the scarce discernible legion ;
“ But when we reach’d the path which crosses the valley, we found a
“ Mighty press and throng of wandering people and wagons ;
“ Sadly we saw enough of the poor wayfarers proceeding,
“ Could perceive from each what an utter rout had befallen,
“ And how joyous the sense of a hurriedly rescued existence.
“ Piteous ’twas to see the manifold kinds of belongings,
“ That which is wont to be hid in a well-furnish’d house, and such
things as

“ Round well order’d rooms are arrang’d in appropriate places,
“ Now to see all these on various wagons, and barrows,
“ Jumbld together in heaps, and carried away in confusion !
“ Here lay a chest of drawers with a sieve and a blanket upon it,
“ Kneading troughs in the bed, and mirrors under the towels !
“ Ah ! full well we know from the fire which happen’d in old time
“ How the approach of danger deprives a man of his senses,
“ So that he snatches up trash, and leaves things precious behind
him.

“ Thus they brought out here with ill-consider’d precaution
“ Useless lumber : therewith encumbering oxen and horses ;
“ Worn-out barrels and planks, with old bird-cages and hen-coops.
“ So too the women and children were plodding on with their bundles,
“ Panting beneath the weight of tubs and baskets of rubbish,
“ For who the last of his goods can make up his mind to abandon ?
“ Up the dusty road unorganiz’d and bewilder’d
“ Mov’d the pressing crowd, some by slow progress intent on
“ Resting their weary beasts, and others impatiently running.
“ Then arose a cry of sore-press’d women and children,
“ Barking of dogs meanwhile, and bleating and lowing of cattle,
“ And a wailing of sick and aged folk, who sat nodding
“ In their beds, propp’d up on the top of the rickety wagons.
“ One with creaking wheel, urg’d forward out of the cart-track,
“ Swerv’d to the side of the road, and into the ditch toppled over.
“ Thrown off into the field the men lay sprawling on all sides,
“ Uttering frightful cries, but for all their crying uninjur’d.
“ Next the boxes fell down, and tumbled under the wagon,
“ Any one looking on would have surely expected to see them
“ Under the weight of chests and cupboards shatter’d to pieces.
“ So lay the wagon upset, and the people helpless beside it,
“ For the others had past and were scrambling hastily onward,
“ Each taking heed for himself, or borne away by the current.
“ So we hurried up and found the sick and the aged—

“These who at home and in bed could scarcely endure their afflictions,—

“Desolate there on the ground lying moaning and groaning before us,

“Smother’d in clouds of dust, and scorch’d by the merciless sunshine.”

Mov’d by what he heard then spoke the kind-hearted landlord,

“Pray God, Hermann may chance to bring them clothes and refreshment;

“I should not like to be there,—the sight of sorrow unmans me.

“Stirr’d by the first account of so much trouble, we hasten’d

“Out of our abundance to send a trifle, if only

“We might succour a few, and make our consciences easy.

“Let us, however, no longer pursue the pitiful story,

“For full soon will fear creep into the hearts of mankind, and

“Care, which I detest more than all the powers of darkness.

“Come inside to the room at the back, ’tis a cooler apartment;

“Never the sun shines within, nor the heated air finds an entrance

“Through the solid walls: in there the old woman shall bring us

“Some of my prime eighty-three, and we’ll drown dull care in the bottle:

“Here the buzzing flies will spoil a sociable tippie.”

So within they went, and enjoy’d themselves in the coolness.

Carefully brought his wife on a salver of shimmering pewter,

In a cut-glass flagon, the noble juice of the vineyard,

Green-colour’d rummers too, befitting cups for the Rhine wine.

Thus the three were sitting around the mahogany table,

Bright and round it stood, and its legs were sturdy beneath it.

Cheerfully clink’d together the Landlord and Vicar their glasses,

But the Doctor held his unmov’d, in deep meditation,

Till with a friendly challenge the honest host thus address’d him:

“Neighbour, your very good health, and may God, who has graciously kept us

“ Hitherto from ill, for the future also protect us !

“ Who does not perceive that since the great conflagration—

“ When we were sorely chastis’d, He has ever persistently cheer’d
us,

“ And has watch’d over us as mothers watch over their offspring ?

“ Shall we not for all time depend on His help and assistance ?

“ For ’tis in danger that first we realize fully His power.

“ Shall He this blooming city, which once from its ashes He
suffer’d

“ Diligent townsmen to raise, and then so enrich’d with His
blessing,

“ Once again destroy, and make all His care unavailing ?”

Gladly then replied the excellent, kind-hearted Vicar—

“ Hold to that belief, keep fast that blessed conviction,

“ For in good times it makes one wise and firm, and in bad ones

“ Kindles glorious hopes, and offers most sweet consolation.”

Then continued the host, with his manly, thoughtful reflections—

“ How many times have I hail’d with wonder the flow of the
Rhine-stream,

“ When on my daily ride to my work once again I approach’d it ;

“ Ever it seem’d to me vast, and the sight exalted my feelings,

“ But I could never suppose that its lovely shores would so shortly

“ Be a wall of defence to repel the attacks of the Frenchman,

“ And its expansive bed become an impassable gully.

“ See how by Nature herself the valiant Germans are guarded ;

“ Guarded by God are we, who then shall despond ? for already

“ Are the combatants weary, and peace will be shortly return-
ing ; [4]

“ Then, when within our Church the glad thanksgivings are offer’d,

“ When the bells resound to the organ’s harmonious accents,

“ And the trumpet peals in accord with the solemn Te Deum,

“ Then may also my Hermann in firm resolution before you,

“ On that day with his bride present himself at the altar.

“ Then the glad feast-day, observ’d in every country,
“ Will to me bring also remembrance of family blessings.
“ But I am sorry to see the boy, who bestirs himself always
“ So alertly at home, abroad so shy and inactive.
“ Little pleasure finds he in shewing himself among people.
“ Yes! and chiefly avoids the companionship of the maidens,
“ And the merry dance which most young mortals delight in.”

Thus he spoke and listen’d—one heard the clattering horses,
And the distant rumble of wheels coming nearer and nearer,
Now the thundering carriage rolls swiftly under the gateway!

TERPSICHORE.

WHEN now the well-manner'd son had enter'd into the chamber,
Him with rapid glance the preacher encounter'd, and coolly
Scrutiniz'd his mien, and scann'd his every feature

With that searching eye which reads the countenance truly,
After which he smil'd and cordially thus address'd him :

“ Here you come I hope an alter'd man ! for I never

“ Saw you look so sprightly before, or your manner so cheerful ;

“ Here you come contented and glad ; it is clear that already

“ Well dispens'd are the gifts, and blessings have follow'd the
giver.”

Calmly the son replied with earnest expression, “ I know not
“ Whether I manag'd well, but in what I did I was guided

“ By my heart alone, as I will fully inform you.

“ Mother dear was so long in hunting up the old linen,

“ And in picking and choosing, 'twas late ere the bundle was ready,

“ And the wine and beer were slowly and carefully pack'd up.

“ When at last I left the door and stepp'd on the pavement,

“ There I met a rush of townsmen with women and children,

“ For the exile troop was already some distance beyond them.

“ So I hurried along and rapidly drove to the village,

“ Where, as I heard, they camp to-night and rest from their labours.

“ When then on my way I was driving up the new street, I

“ Happen'd by chance to see a wagon—'twas well put together

“ With stout beams, and drawn by a pair of the sturdiest oxen,

“ And with resolute step a maiden was pacing alongside.

“ With a lengthy staff she was guiding the powerful creatures,

“ Urging them on, and holding them back,—she manag'd them
bravely !

“ But as soon as she saw me she calmly came up to the horses,

“ And she said to me ‘ We were not always, believe me,

- “ In the wretched plight in which to-day you have seen us.
“ Never have I been used to beg of strangers, who often
“ Give with reluctant hand to rid themselves of their suitors.
“ Want compels me to speak. Upon the straw here is lying,
“ Newly deliver’d, the wife of a rich landowner, whom hardly,—
“ The poor pregnant thing—with cart and oxen I rescued.
“ We have dropp’d behind, for the life is flagging within her.
“ There the new-born child all naked lies on her bosom;
“ And how small are the means with which our people can help her,
“ If in the town where this evening we stay we should haply o’ertake
them :
“ But as I dread to think they may have already pass’d through it.
“ If you live close by, and have some superfluous linen,
“ Oh ! for charity’s sake bestow it on us heré who need it !’
“ Whilst she spoke, from the straw the mother feebly uplifted
“ Her pale face, and gaz’d on me, and I answer’d : ‘ Most surely
“ To the good there speaks oft-times some heavenly spirit
“ So that they feel the need which threatens their poor brother
mortals,
“ For my mother fore-seeing with pity your wretched condition
“ Gave me this bundle to bring immediate relief to the naked.’
“ Then the knotted string untied, I took out and gave her
“ Father’s dressing-gown, and shirts, and pieces of linen,
“ And she joyfully thank’d me and cried, ‘ The rich would not
credit
“ That such wonders could happen, for ’tis in misfortune alone that
“ We discern God’s hand sending help to those who deserve it;
“ What He has done for us may He do for you when you need it.’
“ And I saw the poor mother delightedly feeling the linen,
“ But the soft flannel which lin’d the dressing-gown pleas’d her
of all things.
“ ‘ Let us push on,’ said the maiden to her, ‘ to the town where
already

“ Our people are resting, and where to-night they will sojourn ;
“ There I will quickly provide baby-clothes of every description !
“ And she bid me adieu, and with heart-felt gratitude thank’d me,
“ Urg’d on the oxen, away went the wagon ! but I still remain’d
there

“ Holding the horses back, for a doubt had arisen within me, [5]
“ Whether with hurrying steeds to get to the town, and distribute
“ ’Mongst the rest of the folk the victuals, or here on the spot to
“ Give it all to the girl that she might apportion it wisely :
“ And I decided at once in my heart, and quietly driving
“ Forward again, I reach’d her soon, and quickly address’d her :
“ ‘ Honest maiden, not linen alone to succour the naked
“ Has my mother provided, and put in the carriage behind me,
“ But she added all kinds of drink and eatables also,
“ And I have plenty of both stow’d away in the box of the carriage ;
“ But I am rather dispos’d to entrust these gifts to your keeping,
“ For by so doing I feel I shall best fulfil my commission.
“ You will divide them with prudence : I must submit to the
impulse !’

“ And the maiden replied, ‘ In all good faith shall your bounty
“ Be dispens’d by me,—the heart of the poor shall be gladden’d.’
“ Thus she spoke, and at once I open’d the well of the carriage,
“ Took out the heavy hams and the loaves, and took out the
bottles—

“ Bottles of wine and beer, and gave them all to the maiden,
“ And would have given still more, but alas ! the carriage was empty.
“ Then she pil’d up the things at the feet of the sick one, and started
“ Once again, and I hurried back to the town with my horses !”

When now Hermann had ended, their talkative neighbour directly
Took up the word, and cried, “ How happy he who in seasons
“ Of such flight and disorder lives all alone in his glory,
“ And at whose side neither wife nor children timidly nestle !
“ Now I call myself lucky, I would not for worlds be a father

“On such a day as this to be bor’d about women and children !
“Oft have I thought already on flight, and pack’d up together
“My late mother’s chains, of which not one has been sold yet, [6]
“But to be sure much remains that can’t be so easily carried !
“— Slight tho’ their value may be I measur’d out with reluctance
“All my herbs and roots with so much trouble collected.
“I shall be quite secure in leaving behind my dispenser.
“When I have put my money and my own body in safety
“All is safe—the escape of a single man is so easy !”

“Neighbour,” replied young Hermann with some little warmth,
“altogether

“I disagree with you and every word you have spoken.
“Is he a better man, do you think, who in good and bad fortune
“Only considers himself, and at no time with another
“Sharing sorrow and joy, is never mov’d to his heart’s core ?
“I this day am more than ever determin’d to marry,
“For there are many good maids in want of men to protect them,
“Men too want cheery wives when trouble is looming before
them.”

Smiling the father replied, “I’m glad to hear your opinion,
“Seldom to me have you made such sensible observations.”

Hastily then interpos’d the worthy mother exclaiming,
“Son, indeed you are right, your parents furnish an instance ;
“For we were not betroth’d in happy days, and the season
“Which united us was rather one of the saddest.
“Monday morning ! how well I remember it all ; ’twas the morrow
“Of the frightful fire which laid our dear town in ashes.
“Twenty years ago—on just such a Sunday as this one.
“Hot and dry was the season, and water scarce in the precincts ;
“All the people, dress’d up in their holiday clothes, were out
walking,
“Scatter’d about in the suburbs, and in the mills, or the taverns. [7]
“At the far end of the town the fire began, and the burning

“Rapidly ran through the streets, goaded on by the draught it created ;

“And it burnt the barns where the plentiful harvest was garner’d,

“And it burnt the streets as far as the market ; both this house

“And my father’s hard by, were laid in ruins together.

“Little it was that we sav’d : I sat the piteous night through

“Outside the town on the green looking after the boxes and bedsteads :

“Till at length sleep o’ertook me, and when the cool of the morning,

“Which before sunrise descends, had awaken’d me from my slumber

“Seeing the smoke and the glow, the hollow walls and the chimneys,

“Think of the pangs that I felt,—but more majestic than ever

“Reappear’d the Sun, inspiring my bosom with courage.

“Then I hastily rose, determin’d to visit the places

“Where the houses had stood, and see if the fowls were in safety,

“My especial delight, for my tastes were still rather childish.

“Whilst now I clamber’d along over ruins of courtyards and houses,

“Reeking still, and saw the dwellings laid waste and demolish’d,

“You came up from beyond, and examin’d the spot very closely,

“For your horse in its stable was buried ;—there lay the embers,

“And the smouldering beams, but nought could be seen of the creature.

“Over against one another we stood full of painful reflections,

“For the wall which had us’d to divide our gardens had fallen,

“Seizing me after a while by the hand you said, ‘Lizzie, my darling,

“How came you here ?—go away ! you’re scorching your feet in the ashes :

“See ! they are burning still, through my thick boots I can feel it !’

“And then lifting me up through your own enclosure you bore me.

“There stood the gateway still with its vaulted ceiling above us,

“As it stands to this day, it was all that remain’d of your homestead.

“Then you set me down, and kiss’d me, vainly protesting,
“But you proceeded with words of loving but serious import :
“‘See how the house lies wreck’d, stay here and help me to build it,
“And in rebuilding his own your father shall have my assistance.’
“Nor did I know what you meant till your mother was sent to my
father,

“And forthwith the troths for a joyful marriage were plighted.
“Yes! and still to this day with pleasure I call to remembrance
“All the timbers half burnt, and the sun going up in his glory,
“For that day a husband was given to me,—at that era
“Of tempestuous ruin the son of my girlhood was given. [8]
“You therefore Hermann I praise, who also in sheer self-reliance
“In these sorrowful times can fix your heart on a maiden,
“And have courage to woo in the midst of war’s desolations.”

Then continued at once the father good-humouredly, saying,
“Praiseworthy is his intention, and true is also the story,
“Mother dear, which you tell, for so it all certainly happen’d.
“But let bygones be bygones, it does not happen to many
“To be compell’d to renew their life from the very commencement,
“Nor need everyone be concern’d for their future as we were.
“Oh! how happy is he who from his parents inherits
“A well-order’d house, and who adorns it with increase.
“All things are hard to begin, but an innkeeper’s trade is the
hardest ;
“Many wants has a man, and every day things get dearer,
“So he must take good care to acquire plenty of money :
“Therefore I quite expect that you, my Hermann, will shortly
“Introduce to your home here a wife with a nice little portion,
“For a stout fellow like you deserves a well-dower’d maiden ;
“And it befits so well if along with the darling you pine for,
“Boxes and baskets come in containing the requisite presents.
“Not without purpose the mother from year’s end to year’s end
makes ready

- “So much linen of fine but durable stuff for her daughter,
“Not without purpose her sponsors bring off”rings of plate, and
her father
“Puts away in his desk gold coins, and rare bits of silver :
“For she shall some day with all her gifts and possessions
“Cheer the heart of the youth who has singled her out among women,
“And I know what a comfort it is for the little beginner
“If in parlour and kitchen she sees her own property round her.
“Only when well-endow’d I should welcome the bride to her dwelling,
“For the poor thing who comes, like a servant, with only a bundle
“Soon will be treated as such, and set at naught by her husband.
“Men are ever unjust, and love is not always enduring.
“Yes! my dear Hermann, indeed you would greatly rejoice your
old father
“If you could bring me home some day a new little daughter
“Out of the neighbourhood here,—from the green house yonder
for instance.
“Rich indeed is the man, and his business and factories make him
“Day by day richer still, for all turns to gold that he touches.
“Only three daughters there are to divide his fortune amongst them.
“Promis’d the first is already, I’m well aware, but the second,
“And the third as well, can still be had for the asking.
“Had I been in your place, I would not so long have deferr’d it;
“Bring me home one of the girls, as I brought home your dear
mother!”

Thus the father urg’d, and the son submissively answer’d,

- “Truly, I had like you an inclination to pick out
“One of our neighbour’s daughters :—we all were brought up
together ;
“And together we play’d near the pump in the market as children,
“Many a time did I then from riotous boyhood protect them.
“All that’s long past however, and now the grown up young ladies

- “ Stay at home, as is right, and avoid such rompish amusements.
“ Well brought up they are to be sure! I went over sometimes,
“ As you wish’d, for the sake of old acquaintance, to see them,
“ But I could never feel the same delight in their presence,
“ For I had to submit to their finding fault with me always :
“ Much too long was my coat, the cloth too coarse, and the colour
“ Far too vulgar—my hair not properly cut and befrizzled.
“ Minded I was at last to dress myself out in the fashion
“ Like those young city clerks who shew themselves off there on
Sundays,
“ And from whose bodies in summer half silken finery dangles.
“ But soon enough I perceiv’d they had been making game of me
always,
“ This I could not bear, my pride was offended, and further
“ I was deeply griev’d that they thus misconstrued the feelings
“ That I cherish’d for them—especially Minna, the youngest.
“ For it happened at Easter the last time I paid them a visit,
“ (Had on my brand new coat, which has since hung up in the cupboard,
“ And my hair all curl’d like the rest of the youngsters I saw
there,)
“ When I enter’d they giggled, at *me*, tho’ I would not perceive it;
“ Minna sat at the piano, her father beside her, delighted
“ With his daughter’s singing, and in a bantering humour :
“ Little did I understand of what was said in the music,
“ But I heard a good deal of ‘Pamina,’ and of ‘Tamino.’ [9]
“ So as soon as she finish’d, in order to say something civil,
“ I enquir’d the subject, and who were the persons referr’d to.
“ All were silent at first and smil’d, but the father said gaily,
“ ‘ You have probably heard the story of Adam and Eve, sir?’
“ None could contain themselves then, but burst out a-laughing,
the old man
“ Held his shaking sides, and his children cackl’d in concert.

“In my confusion I let my hat fall down, and the laughter
“Burst forth again and again, all the time they were singing and
playing.—

“Then I hurried home with feelings of shame and resentment,
“Hung my hat in the cupboard, and ruffled my hair with my fingers,
“Making a solemn vow never more to traverse their threshold.
“And with very good cause, for they’re empty things and ill-natur’d;
“Even now as I’m told, they always call me Tamino.”

Then the mother replied, “You should not be angry against them,
“Hermann dear, all this time, they’re only a parcel of children;
“Minna’s an excellent girl, and I know she fancied you always.
“She must be your choice, she was asking about you quite lately.”

Then the son said slowly, “I doubt if I ever again could
“See her sit at the piano, and hear her singing and playing;
“That vexatious affair made such an impression upon me.”

But the father sprang up, and cried with angry displeasure,
“Little joy I derive from you, though I knew what would happen
“When you took delight in nothing but horses and tillage,
“Unambitiously doing the work of a beggarly ploughboy.
“First your mother deceiv’d me with barren hopes for the future,
“When at school, in your reading, and writing, and learning, you
never

“Got on as well as others, but always sat at the bottom,
“And that son who ought to have been the pride of his father
“In his native city, was only a burden upon him.
“This is caus’d no doubt by a young man’s breast being alien
“To all proper pride, and he cares not to raise himself higher.
“Had my father done half for me that I’ve done for you, sir!
“Sent me to school, and provided teachers for me, by this time
“I should have been something else than the host of the Golden
Lion!”

But the son arose and was slowly approaching the doorway
Without speaking a word, when his father call’d in a passion

As he stole away, "Begone ! for an obstinate fellow,

"Go on doing your work with nothing for me to find fault with !

"But don't think, if you please, to come home one day, and bring
me

"Some clod-hopping wench to be my daughter—the hussy !

"Long have I liv'd in the world, and know how to manage with
people,

"How to play the host to the grand folk, so that they leave me

"Well content, and I know how to tickle the fancy of strangers.

"So much the more I shall want at last an affectionate daughter

"To relieve my cares, and sweeten my numerous troubles.

"She must play besides on the piano, and all the best people

"In the town will be glad to meet here together to hear her,

"As they do at our neighbour's on Sunday."—But hereupon gently
Lifting the latch of the door, young Hermann took his departure.

T H A L I A.

THUS the timorous son evaded his father's reproaches,

But his sire went on in the same irascible manner :

“ What is not in a man we cannot get from him, and hardly

“ Ever, I fear, shall I see my fondest wishes accomplish'd,

“ That my son should turn out a better man than his father.

“ What would become of our houses, and what of our cities, if all
men

“ Were not always with pleasure contriving to keep and renew them,

“ And to advance with the times and adopt the improvements of
others ?

“ Man was not certainly meant, springing up from the earth like a
mushroom,

“ Swiftly to fall to decay, on the spot where he came into being,

“ Leaving behind no trace of the life that was working within him-

“ From the look of a house one perceives the mind of its master,

“ As coming into a town we can judge of the magistrates' powers :

“ For where the walls and towers are tumbling about, and unclean-
ness

“ Stagnates in the streets, and accumulates in the byways,

“ Where the loosen'd stones obtrude from their niches unheeded,

“ Where the woodwork rots, and the tottering edifice vainly

“ Looks for support, be sure the place is govern'd unwisely.

“ For where from those above him nor order nor cleanliness issue

“ Soon the townsman becomes by habit a negligent slattern

“ As content in his filth as the beggar himself in his tatters !

“ For this reason I wish'd that Hermann should speedily enter

“ On a course of travel, and see at least Strasburg and Frank-
fort,

“ And the symmetrical buildings of gay, convivial Mannheim. [10]

“ For whoever has seen these mighty well order’d cities
“ Would not consent to leave his small native town unembellish’d.
“ Do not strangers praise our mended gates, and our churches
“ Dextrously restor’d, and our towers gleaming with whitewash ?
“ Is not the pavement extoll’d, and the amply flowing canals too,
“ Which bring profit to all, and ensure the general safety,
“ And has not all this been done since the time of the great con-
flagration ?
“ As a builder six times have I been on the Council, receiving
“ Approbation and thanks from all my good fellow-townsmen.
“ What I advis’d was soon set on foot, and all the great projects
“ Left by their worthy designers unfinish’d, were brought to per-
fection,
“ So that at last the heart of every member was gladden’d.
“ All are busy just now, for the new thoroughfare to connect us
“ With the principal street is already nearing completion.
“ Such will never be the work of the next generation !
“ Some think on pleasure alone and trumpery dress, and the others
“ Mope like sluggards at home, and dangle their feet in the fender.
“ Of this kind, I fear, will Hermann ever continue.”

Then answer’d she at once the kind-hearted, sensible mother,

“ Father, you are, I must say, most unjust to your son, and in this
way

“ Cannot expect to see your wish for his goodness accomplish’d ;
“ For we cannot form children exactly after our wishes,
“ But as they came from God, even so must we lovingly take them,
“ Train up some for the best, and give full freedom to others,
“ For each youngster has gifts that differ from those of his fellows.
“ Each can use them, and each, in his own particular manner,
“ Can be good and successful. I won’t let my Hermann be scolded !
“ For I know that some day he will prove himself to be worthy
“ To succeed to your business, and be an excellent landlord,
“ An example alike to the country people and townsfolk,

“And, as I clearly foresee, by no means the last on the Council;
“But ev’ry day you continue to chide and abuse the poor fellow,
“As you did just now, and stifle the spirit within him.”

Then she left the room, and hurried after her offspring,
Hoping that she might meet with him somewhere about, and console him

With kind words, for he, the excellent son, he deserv’d it.

Smiling, the father said, as soon as his wife had departed,
“Women are just like children, a truly wonderful people:
“’Tis their pleasure to live each after his own inclination,
“And even then they expect nothing else but praise and caresses.
“Once for all with truth applies the old-fashion’d saying,
“‘Who moves not on, moves back,’ and thus it will always continue.”

Then, after some little thought, the man of medicine answer’d,
“This at least, I am willing to grant you with pleasure, friend neighbour,

“I myself am accustom’d to keep a sharp look out around me
“For something better, although a change is sometimes expensive;
“But it most certainly helps, if a man has not plenty of money,
“To be stirring and quick to improve his position on all sides.
“Small indeed are the citizen’s means, for his purse is so slender
“And his wants so great, though he knows the highway to riches,
“He is ever prevented from setting forward upon it.
“I could have done so much, but who would not shun the expense of

“Change, and especially now in times of such trouble and danger?

“Many a year gone by my house in modish apparel

“Smil’d, and the great glass panes illumin’d every window:

“But the merchant is best off of all, who by means of his fortune

“Knows very well the way to make a profit of all things.

“Look at the house over there, the new one, how bravely the scollops

“Of the white stucco-work stand out from the green of the panels,

"Large are the window panes; how the plate glass sparkles and glitters!

"So that the other houses appear to be standing in shadow.

"Certainly after the fire our two were as handsome as any—

"Mine with the sign of the 'Angel,' and yours of the 'Golden Lion.'

"Then amongst all the neighbours my garden was justly renown'd,
and

"Every traveller stood and gaz'd thro' the rose-colour'd railings

"At the figures of stone and the colour'd dwarfs I had plac'd there;

"And whoever took coffee with me in my beautiful grotto,

"Which is now half in ruins, and cover'd with dust, would approve
of

"My decoration of shells refulgent with manifold colours,

"And his critical eye would be daz'd by galena and corals.

"Nor in a less degree would the painted summer-house please him,

"Where gay lords and ladies are walking about in the garden,

"And with dainty fingers are picking and offering flowers.

"Who would now condescend to look at it? Seldom or never

"I enjoy going out, for all must be modern and tasteful

"As they call it, and white the lattice-work and the benches.

"Now-a-days all must be plain and smooth, neither gilding nor
carving

"Please any more, and nothing but foreign wood passes muster.

"I should be very contented to set up some new invention—

"To advance with the times, and alter my household arrangements,

"But just now one's afraid to move the tiniest object.

"Who can really afford to pay the workmen their wages?

"Lately I had an idea of having the Angel regilded,

"Michael, by whose figure my druggist's shop is distinguish'd,

"And the great green dragon which wriggles and twists under-
neath him,

"But, alarm'd at the cost, I left it as dingy as ever!"

EUTERPE.

THUS the men were sitting in conversation together,
And the mother went to look for her son, in the first place
At his accustom'd seat on the bench of stone near the doorway,
But not finding him there she proceeded to search in the stables,
If he himself was tending the noble horses, the stallions,
Which he had bought as foals and which he confided to no one ;
And the stable-boy said he had just gone into the garden.
Then through the long courtyard she retrac'd her steps with
 alertness,
And having left the stables and well timber'd granaries, enter'd
Into the garden, which up to the walls of the city extended.
Through it she pass'd rejoicing at each bit of fresh vegetation,
Set upright the supports on which the apple-tree branches,
And the grafts of the pear—both heavy with produce—were
 resting,—
Even took off some grubs from the bed of luxuriant cabbage,
For some good attends ev'ry step of the diligent housewife.
And when at length she reach'd the end of the long lying garden,
And arriv'd at the arbour half-hid in its mantle of woodbine,
Without finding her son—neither there did she anywhere see him.
Only she found on the latch the gate leading out of the arbour,
Which through the walls of the town long ago by special favour,
One of their forefathers, a Burgomaster, had open'd.
So at her ease across the dried-up moat she proceeded,
Where straight up from the road the well-fenc'd vineyard ascended
By a steeper course, its sides inviting the sunshine.
Thus she went climbing up, rejoicing herself at the fulness
Of the swelling grapes, by the foliage scantily cover'd.
Arching above her head the vines cast shadows around her,
And on the giant stones which pav'd the way thro' the vineyard.

Here hung Gutedel grapes and Muscatel in abundance,
Purple ones too, close by of most astounding proportions,
Plac'd by diligent hands the guests' dessert to embellish.
But on the hill above a different sort had been planted,
Bearing smaller grapes, from which all the highest pric'd wine
comes.

Still she went climbing up, already in spirit rejoicing
Over the day of the vintage, when every neighbour exultant
Gathers and treads out the grapes, and the must collects in the
wine-vats.

Fireworks in the evening in every place and direction
Flash and explode, and thus is kept the fairest of harvests!
More uneasy at last she became, when her son two or three times
She had call'd by name, and only the many-voic'd echo
From the city-walls repeated her interrogations.

It was so strange for her to seek him, who seldom or never
Went far away, and then to calm his mother's misgivings,
And allay her fears, ever told her where he was going.
But she trusted still to find him somewhere about there,
For alike the upper and lower gates of the vineyard
Stood wide open : and so she enter'd into the meadow
Whose broad levels topp'd the vine-clad slopes of the upland,
And still wandering on, she contemplated with pleasure,
Her own land rich with barley and wheat, which over the whole
field

Stirr'd in its golden might, and solemnly bow'd as she pass'd it.
Next she stepp'd on the turf by which the fields were divided,
Making her way you could see to the big pear-tree on the hill, which
Mark'd the furthest point of the lands which belong'd to her
husband.

Who had planted it there none knew, but the neighbours could
see it

Far and wide, and widely renown'd was the fruit of its branches,

Here you might see the reapers enjoying their dinner at noontide,
Or from beneath its shade the herdsmen sit watching their cattle;
Here were rough benches of stone, and seats in the soft grassy turf
cut.

Nor did she make a mistake, for there sat her Hermann, and
rested.

Leaning his head on his arm, he seem'd to peer over the country, [11]
Out to the hills far away, and his back was turn'd to his mother.
Gently she stole to his side, and plac'd her hand on his shoulder,
And in his uplifted eyes she at once saw traces of weeping.

"Mother," said he in confusion, "you startled me so," and thus
saying,

Hastily wip'd off the tears—the tender-hearted young fellow—

"What? you are crying my son?" the mother anxiously ask'd him,

"Say, what oppresses your heart? what brings the tears to your
eyelids?"

And he made an effort, the worthy young man, and said, "Truly

"He must have no heart in his iron bosom who just now

"Does not pity the needs of these poor wandering mortals,

"He must have little brain in his head who does not in these
times

"Feel somewhat anxious about his own and his country's well
being,

"What I have seen and heard to-day has stirr'd up my heart's
blood.

"Then I came out here and saw the magnificent landscape

"Which with its fruitful hills before us stretches on all sides,

"Saw the golden sheaves against one another reclining,

"And the abundant grain giving promise of full-laden garner;

"But alas! how near is the foe, the flow of the Rhine stream

"Offers little protection, for what matter rivers or mountains

"To these cruel troops who sweep like a thunderstorm onwards.

"Young and old alike they summon from every quarter

“ And press forcibly on ; death itself brings no apprehension
“ To a single soul, when legions are hurl’d against legions.
“ And ah ! me safe at home, shall a German venture to tarry,
“ Hoping perchance to escape the misfortune that threatens on all
sides.

“ Yes ! dearest mother, just now I assure you I deeply regret that
“ When but the other day they were drawing lots for the army,
“ From the citizens here I was held excus’d ; it is true that
“ I am your only son, and the business is large and productive,
“ But should I not be better opposing the foe out in front there
“ On the border, than here awaiting bondage and exile.
“ Yes ! ’tis a voice from my soul, from my bosom’s inmost recesses
“ Rises a passionate wish to live or to die for my country ;
“ And, if God pleases, to be a worthy example to others.
“ Surely if all the strength of German manhood together
“ On the frontier were banded to give no way to the strangers,
“ Then should they never set foot on our noble land, and demolish
“ In our very sight the fruit of the soil that we spring from,
“ Lording it over the men, and ravishing women and children.
“ Look you, mother, I am in my firmest purpose determin’d
“ Straightway to go and do what it seems to me is my duty,
“ For who meditates long never comes to the best resolutions !
“ Homewards no more I’ll return, I will set out straight for the
city,

“ And offer heart and arm to serve my country in battle ;
“ Then let my father say if he likes, that my bosom is alien
“ To all proper pride, and I care not to raise myself higher.”

Seriously replied the good sagacious mother,
Shedding silent tears—she knew not where they had sprung from—
“ What is this change, my son, that has taken place in your feelings,
“ That to your mother no longer you speak as you always have
spoken

“ Freely and plainly, and say what the nearest wish of your heart
is ?

“ Were but another to hear, he doubtless would mightily praise you,
“ And pronounce your resolve as worthy the highest encomiums,
“ Led astray by your words, and such very significant language.
“ I though can only find fault, for see, I know you much better,
“ You are blinding your heart, and have utterly different motives.
“ Well I know 'tis neither the drum nor the trumpet that calls you,
“ Nor are you anxious to strut before girls in your gay regimentals,
“ Fearless and brave indeed you may be, yet your special mission
“ Is to watch over the house and till the field unmolested.
“ Therefore tell me the fact, what drives you to this resolution ?”

Earnestly said the son, “ You're wrong, mother, one day is seldom
“ Just like another, the boy goes on improving to manhood,
“ Often improving the more in quiet, than staggering wildly
“ Through the din of life, which has ruin'd many a stripling,
“ And though a lover of peace I have been and may be, yet a heart
beats

“ In my breast, that has learnt to detest all wrong and injustice,
“ And I am able right well to discriminate earthly proceedings ;
“ Power and strength to my limbs too, much bodily labour has added,
“ All this I feel is true, and I may without boasting assert it.
“ Still with justice you blame me, dear mother, and I am detected,
“ Out of words half of truth and half of dissimulation,
“ For I confess it is not the imminent danger that calls me
“ Out of my father's house, nor lofty thoughts that I may be
“ To my country an aid, and a terror to all her opponents.
“ They were but empty words that I spoke, and were only intended
“ To conceal from you the thoughts that distracted my bosom.
“ So let me be, dear mother ! for since the hopes that I cherish
“ In my heart are vain, so my life too may pass away vainly ;
“ For the single man will do harm to himself who—I know it—
“ Gives himself up to a cause in which all are not striving together.”

“ Go on telling me all,” so said the sensible mother,
“ Tell me everything, the least as well as the greatest,

“Men are hasty folk, and act on the spur of the moment,
“And a little resistance will drive them away from their purpose,
“But a woman more clever considers the means, and will travel
“By a circuitous route adroitly attaining her object.
“Therefore tell me the whole, what it is that so keenly excites you,
“Making your blood boil up as seldom or never I’ve seen it,
“And o’erflooding your eyes with tears that so rarely invade
 them.”

Then the good young man, no longer controlling his feelings,
Wept aloud on the breast of his mother, and said with emotion,
“Truly my father’s words to-day did grievously vex me,
“Such as I never deserved on this, or on any occasion.
“For to honour my parents was early my chiefest desire,
“Nor in my sight were any so wise as those who begot me,
“And who order’d my paths in the twilight hours of childhood.
“Much in truth have I borne from my comrades, who often with
 malice
“Repaid my good will, nor car’d for their blows or their missiles.
“But at length they made jokes on my father, whenever on Sunday
“Out of church he came with a dignified step and a stately;
“Laugh’d at the band on his hat, and his dressing-gown cover’d
 with flowers
“Which became him so well, and was parted with only this
 morning.
“Quickly my fists were clench’d in a fury, and blinded with
 passion
“Falling upon them I struck and hit in every direction,
“Careless where I was striking: with bloody noses they bellow’d,
“And could scarcely escape from the furious kicks that I gave them.
“But as I grew on in years I had much to bear from my father,
“Who often took me to task when the blame should have fallen
 on others,
“If something just before at the Council had happen’d to vex him,

“ Thus making me to atone for the sins and disputes of his colleagues.

“ I had to suffer so much that I often excited your pity,

“ Meaning to be, as I did, a blessing and pride to my parents,

“ Whose only thought is on our account to increase their possessions,

“ And who deny themselves so much to lay up for their children.

“ Ah! but it is not by laying up now for some future enjoyment

“ That true happiness comes, nor by heaping riches on riches,

“ No! nor acres to acres, tho’ lying so snugly together.

“ For whilst the father grows old his sons are ageing beside him,

“ Passing a joyless day and with anxious cares for the morrow.

“ Look but yonder and say if the fair luxuriant cornfields

“ Do not lie nobly down there, with the vineyards and gardens
below them,

“ And beyond our barns and our stables in pleasing succession?

“ But I see too the building behind our house, from whose gables

“ Springs the window which tells where my little room in the roof is,

“ Making me think on old times, and how many an evening I’ve
sat there

“ Watching the rising moon, and how many a morning the sunrise,

“ When but a few hours’ sleep suffic’d me for health and refreshment.

“ Ah! but it all seems so lonely, my room, and the yard, and the
garden,

“ And the beautiful field which stretches away up the hill-side,

“ All seems so desolate now—a wife is the thing that I long for!”

Thereupon answer’d she the good, intelligent mother:

“ Son, you cannot wish more to bring a bride to your chamber

“ (So that the night may become as happy to you as the daytime,

“ And independent aims may inspire your daily employments)—

“ Than your father and mother can wish it, for have we not always

“ Counsell’d,—yes, almost compell’d you, to seek out a maid to your
fancy?

“ Yet I must certainly own, and my heart at this moment avows it,

“ Save the right hour come, and one particular maiden
“ At that hour appear, your choice must remain undetermin’d,
“ Whilst the fear of mistake will operate strongly upon you.
“ But shall I tell you, my son, I believe you have chosen in this case,
“ For your feelings are touch’d, and your heart is unusually fired ;
“ Come, now, and tell me straight out,—for already my soul has
divin’d it,

“ Have you not fix’d your choice on yonder maiden, the exile ?”

“ Yes, you have said it, dearmother,” her son excitedly answer’d—

“ Yes, it is she, and unless I can bring her home as my bride here,
“ This very day, she will go and perhaps vanish from me for ever,
“ Lost in the tumult of war, and the pitiful comings and goings.
“ Vainly, dear mother, for me any longer our wealthy possessions
“ Grow before our eyes—the seasons in vain yield their produce.
“ Yes! both the home of my youth, and the well-known garden
disgust me,

“ Even a mother’s love must fail to console a poor fellow :

“ For I feel very plainly by love all ties are loosened

“ When it tightens its own, for it is not the maiden alone that
“ Leaves her father and mother to follow the man of her liking,
“ But the young man himself thinks little more of his parents
“ When he sees the girl, his best-belov’d one, torn from him.
“ Therefore let me depart, where my desperation may drive me,
“ For the words of my father were very decidedly spoken,
“ And if his house is not open to her whom alone I am willing
“ To bring home as my wife, it is no home for me any longer !”

Quickly then replied the good, sagacious mother—

“ How like rocks two men will stand up against one another !
“ Proud and unmov’d they will each refuse to make any advances :
“ Neither will be the first to utter a gracious expression.
“ Therefore I tell you, my son, still lives the hope in my bosom,
“ That though poor she may be, and your father insisted on money,
“ He will allow you to wed her if only she’s good and true-hearted.

“ For he enunciates much in his own impetuous fashion
“ That he never performs, and grants what he once has forbidden ;
“ But he likes a kind word, and has a right to expect it,
“ For he’s your father, and well we know that ’tis after his dinner
“ That he speaks with such heat, and questions the reasons of others,
“ Meaning nothing thereby : his headstrong will is excited
“ By the power of wine, which will not allow him to listen
“ To any words but his own, or to give ear or mind to another.
“ But the evening draws on apace, and already this long time
“ He and his friends must have been contentedly chatting together.
“ Really more kind he is I know when his tippie is over,
“ And he feels how unjust he has been when fluster’d with liquor.
“ Come let us risk it at once, ’tis best to act on the instant,
“ And we shall need the friends who still at this moment are gather’d
“ Round his chair ; above all the worthy Pastor will help us.”

Thus she ingeniously spoke, and getting up as she did so,
Rais’d her son from his seat ; he follow’d with little reluctance,
And the two came along thinking over their serious emprise.

POLYHYMNIA.

BUT all this time those three had been sitting and chatting together,
With mine host at his house, the man of God, and the Doctor,
And the talk was still on the same identical subject,
Bandied about very much from one to the other as usual.
Thus with kindly intention the worthy Pastor was saying,
"That I will not deny! I know that a man should be ever
"Striving to better himself, and as we have seen, he will also
"Strive to raise himself too, or at least strike out in a new line.
"But do not venture too far! for together with these kind of feelings
"We have also by nature a liking for old institutions,
"Each one enjoying the most what custom has render'd attractive.
"Ev'ry condition is good which is sanction'd by nature and reason,
"Man desires so much and yet he has need of so little,
"For the days are short, and narrow the lot of poor mortals.
"Never will I condemn the man who incessantly active
"Roams over all the kingdoms of earth, and with daring persistence
"Navigates every sea, intent upon making his fortune
"And amassing abundance of wealth for himself and his kindred.
"But I also esteem the peaceful burgher who foots it
"Round his father's lands, about his daily employment,
"And bestows on the soil his hourly care and attention.
"Not to him does the earth each year bear a different aspect,
"For long time may elapse 'ere the new-planted tree can put
 branches
"Out to the heavens above, and adorn them with plentiful blossom.
"Yes! a man must have patience, and should be the happy possessor
"Of an equable mind, and a calm unwavering judgment:
"Few are the seeds such an one entrusts to earth's nurturing bosom,
"Small is the stock of beasts that his prudence allows him for
 breeding,

“For he cares not beyond supplying the wants of the moment,—
“Happy is he to whom Nature has given a like disposition!
“Such men feed us all. But blest too is he who inhabits
“Some small town, combining the husbandman’s trade with the
shopman’s!
“He knows not what trials the luckless farmer is prey to,
“Nor the cares that distract the too avaricious townsmen,
“Who with little means are ever accustom’d to struggle
“After riches and rank,—especially women with daughters.
“So may a blessing rest on your son’s unpretending exertions,
“And on the girl of like mind whom he some day will choose for
his consort.”

As he was speaking thus, the mother and son made their entrance,
She taking him by the hand and leading him up to her husband.

“Father,” said she, “how often we’ve thought as we gossip’d
together

“On the joyful day when our Hermann should some time or other
“Choose out a wife for himself, and gladden the hearts of his parents!
“Hither and thither we cast our fond parental conjectures,
“Fixing our thoughts at times on many a different maiden.—
“Now the day is arriv’d,—now a bride has been brought him by
heaven—

“Heaven has prompted his choice, and fix’d his affections for ever.
“Have we not always declar’d he must choose for himself, and
moreover

“Have you not ever been wishing that love for some maiden might
rouse him

“Into life and spirits? and now your wish is accomplish’d.

“Yes! he has made his choice and come to a manly decision,

“It is the exile maid, the one he met with out yonder.

“Give him the girl, for he swears he never will marry another!”

Then the son cried too, “Oh! give her me, father, my heart has
“Absolutely resolv’d, you can ne’er have a worthier daughter.”

But the father spoke not,—then up jump'd the clergyman quickly,
Took up the word and said, “A second will often determine
“The whole life of a man, and affect his entire existence;
“Ponder as long as you like, resolve is the act of a moment,
“And 'tis a man of sense who arrives at the wisest conclusion,
“For to stop by the way, and consider, increases the danger;
“Too extended a choice is apt to bewilder the feelings.
“Hermann I've known from a child as a straightforward fellow,
 who never,
“E'en as a boy, laid his hands first on this side, and then on the
 other,
“But held fast to whatever excited his honest ambition.
“Be not alarm'd nor amaz'd that what you so long have desir'd
“All at once should appear; no doubt the actual issue
“Comes not quite in the form in which your fancy pourtray'd it.
“We ourselves in wishing lose sight of what we have wish'd for.
“Blessings come in the shape in which Heaven chooses to send them.
“Do not mistake the girl, who first among women can boast of
“Having touch'd the heart of your dear, good, sensible son here.
“He is a happy man whose first love straightway accepts him,
“Nor leaves his bosom a prey to despair's slow ravaging fevers.
“Yes, I clearly perceive his fate is determin'd,—the boy seems
“Metamorphos'd to man by the force of an earnest attachment;
“He is inflexible now, and I fear that if this is denied him
“All the best years of his life will be spent in bitter repining.”

Then cried the Doctor, whose lips had already been burning
 some long time

To express his thoughts, “Let us halt mid-way for a moment,
“Cæsar Augustus himself made ‘Haste with caution’ his motto;
“I shall be happy to place myself at our neighbour's disposal
“And for his advantage to lend my poor understanding,
“For above all the young require that some one should guide them.
“Let me depart, I will prove the maiden and question her people

“In the midst of whom she lives and makes her acquaintance,
“I shall not be deceiv’d, I shall know how to value their statements.”

Then the son broke in with rapid utterance, “Neighbour,
“Go and inform yourself, but let our dear Pastor go with you,
“I should very much wish that he should be your companion,
“Two such excellent men will bear irreproachable witness :
“Oh ! my father, this girl is not one of those, who,—believe me,—
“Wander about the land in search of lucky adventure,
“Luring into their toils the inexperienc’d stripling ;
“No ! the fitful chances of War, the arch-immolator—
“Who destroys the world, and roots from its solid foundations
“Many an ancient pile—from her fatherland have expell’d her.
“Men of noble birth are wandering over the country,
“Princes flee in disguise, and kings are pining in exile ;
“She, too, alas ! like them has been banish’d her home, but of women
“Bravest and best, ne’er casts a thought on her own misadventures,
“Helpless herself, she lives but to render assistance to others !
“Earth groans more and more ’neath its load of care and privation.
“Shall not again to us a joy be borne of misfortune ;
“And in the arms of his bride, his true-hearted wife, shall your
son have
“Cause to rejoice in the war as you had yourself in the fire !”

Then the father made speech with words of serious import,
“Say, my son, what has loosen’d your tongue, which for so long a
season
“Has stuck fast in your mouth, or has only mov’d on compulsion ?
“Am I to-day to find out what every father’s expos’d to,
“That the wayward ideas of her son are gladly encourag’d
“By his doting mother, and every neighbour abets him,
“If a set is made against the father or husband.
“But I will not oppose you all. What use in so doing ?
“For in that case of course I must reckon on tears and defiance.
“Go and see for yourselves, and, Providence willing, convey her

“Home to me here as a daughter, if not, may he quickly forget her!”

Thus the father spoke, and the son exclaim'd in a transport,
“This very evening I'll bring you a perfect pattern of daughters,
“Such as every man of discrimination would wish for.
“Nor do I think indeed that the dear one herself is unwilling.
“Never she ceases to thank me for having offer'd to bring her
“Back a father's love—a mother's tender devotion.
“But I'll delay no more, but put to the horses directly,
“And drive forth our friends on the way my lov'd one has taken.
“Them I shall cheerfully leave to their own unbiass'd opinions,
“And I swear to agree in whatever conclusion they come to,—
“Nor will I see the maiden until I can claim her for ever!”

Speaking thus he went out, while the others wisely took counsel,
Making haste to talk over a thing of such signal importance.

Quick to the stable flew Hermann, where stood the mettlesome stallions

Champing the wholesome grain, and the dry sweet hay, in contentment.

Quick to their mouths he affix'd the polish'd bits, and as quickly
Drew the straps through the rings of brightly shimmering silver,
Then attach'd the long broad reins, and guided the horses
Out into the court, and there stood the carriage already,
Where the active groom by the shafts had easily dragg'd it.
Thereto the swift strong steeds being carefully fasten'd and harness'd,

Hermann seiz'd the whip, and drove round into the gateway. [12]
Then as soon as the friends had settled into their places,
Off roll'd the carriage, the streets are rapidly left in the distance,
Next the walls of the town, and its towers vanish behind them.
Thus up hill and down dale young Hermann hurried them onwards
By the well-known road, nor slacken'd speed for an instant,
Till at length to his view the village church was apparent,

And a little beyond the houses and gardens around them,
Then he thought to himself was the time to pull up the horses.

Just in front of the village a bright green mead there extended,
On whose glossy turf some immemorial lindens
Cast their grateful shade, a frequent resort for the neighbours.
Far down under the trees a well of water lay hidden,—
On descending the steps some benches of stone were discover'd,
And in the midst a spring came bubbling ceaselessly upwards
From its prison walls, to tempt the villager's bucket.
Here then Hermann resolv'd to wait with the carriage and horses.
“Friends,” said he, “descend and go and settle the question
“If the maid is worthy or not of the hand that I offer.
“Certain indeed I feel you will have nothing novel to tell me,
“And did it rest with me, I would go straightway to the village,
“And with very few words decide my fate with the dear one.
“You will at once be able to know her from all her companions;
“For not a single one can compare with her in appearance.
“Still of her simple costume I will give you some little description.
“First a corset of black fits close to her figure, and cross-lac'd
“Daintily over her waist a sweet red bodice is fasten'd,
“And the linen which veils the gentle swell of her bosom
“Under her full round chin is dispos'd in a border of frilling.
“Oval her face—and denoting a nature frank and vivacious—
“Silver pins restrain the flow of her plentiful tresses,
“Blue and in numerous folds her kirtle descends from her bodice,
“And as she walks half-hides the delicate turn of her ankle.
“But I must mention one thing, and this let me beg and entreat
you,
“Not to talk to the maiden or try to find out her intentions;
“Only question the others and listen to all that they say, but
“Should you discover enough to quiet my father and mother,
“Come back and let us reflect before advancing the matter.—
“As we were driving along just now this fancy o'ertook me.”

Thus he spoke, and the friends set out for the village, and found there

Every house, and yard, and garden swarming with people.
All along the street there stretch'd a long line of wagons,
And while the men were feeding the lowing kine and the horses,
On the hedges the women were busily drying their linen ;
And from the brook there resounded a splashing and laughter of children.

Thus then pushing their way through men, and wagons, and oxen,
Went the chosen spies, throwing vigilant glances around them,
If they might happen to catch a passing glimpse of the object
Of their quest : but in vain they sought so charming a picture.
Soon the throng became greater, and densely huddled together,
Men were mingling their oaths with the shrieks of terrified women ;
But see now, an old man of grave deportment approaches,
At whose command for peace, and earnest fatherly chidings
All complaints are hush'd, and the tumult immediately ceases.
“ Are we then still,” cried he, “ so little allied by misfortune
“ That not yet have we learnt to be tolerant one of another,
“ And to bear it, if some do not rightly measure their actions ?
“ Prosperous people will quarrel, but our sorrows by this time
“ Should have taught us no longer to wrangle and fight with our brethren.

“ Do not dispute for place in the land of the stranger, but rather
“ With compassionate hearts divide your scanty resources.”

Thus spoke the man, and the others, with sober'd feelings, proceeded

Silently to arrange the carts and cattle in order.

When then the Minister heard the words that the stranger had spoken,

And had divin'd the Judge in his cool intelligent manner,
“ Father,” said he, approaching, “ while fortune smiles on a people,
“ And the sustaining earth spreads her daily bounty before them,

“All goes smoothly on, and each is as good as his neighbour
“Fools and wise exist side by side, their powers untested,
“Whilst the man of sense is esteem’d no higher than others
“For the stream of events flows on without his assistance.
“But should the troubles of life disturb the regular current,
“Pull down ancient buildings and root up gardens and cornfields,
“Drive out man and wife from their snug habitations, and cast them
“Forth into the waste to spend a wretched existence,
“Then one glances round to see whose judgment is soundest,
“And no longer in vain the voice of wisdom discourses.
“Surely, good sir, you are leader of these poor wandering mortals,
“Who so quickly art able to calm their swelling emotions?
“Yes! to me you appear like one of the captains of old time,
“Who through the wilderness led the exil’d peoples of Judah,
“And I seem to see Moses or Joshua standing before me.”

Thereupon answer’d he, with grave expression, the Elder,
“Yes, you may search in vain the annals of Hebrew or Gentile;
“Verily our times will compare with the strangest on record,
“For whoever has liv’d these last few days has already
“Liv’d a lifetime,—so pressing have been the wants of the moment.
“Casting back my thoughts, it seems to me that I must be
“From an active man transform’d to a grey-headed dreamer.
“Certainly too, to us appears the mighty Jehovah,
“Wrapt in fire and cloud, as once from the burning acacia
“In that dreadest of hours he stood before Moses his servant.”

When then the Doctor perceiv’d that his reverend comrade was
ready

To talk on and to hear what the man and his people had suffer’d,
Hurriedly in his ear he said, in a whisper, “Continue
“Speaking with the sage, and lead up the talk to the maiden;
“I will look round meanwhile, and return as soon as I find her.”
Then with a nod he went to reconnoitre the village.

C L I O.

WHEN then the Pastor requested the Judge of the strangers to tell him

What the people had suffer'd, how long they had wander'd in exile,
Said the sage in reply—"Protracted have been our sorrows,

"Year after year we have drain'd the bitter cup of misfortune,

"Bitter most, because first our fairest hopes had been squander'd ;

"For who indeed will affirm that his heart was not mightily fired,

"Or that his blood did not course through his veins with quicker
pulsations,

"When it was thought that the day of a golden era was dawning,

"When the rights of man, and glorious freedom were talk'd of,

"And how all men as brothers and equals should part their possessions ?

"Then hop'd each one to live, for the chains of sloth and indulgence

"Which imprison'd the world, appear'd to be parting asunder.—

"Then in those stirring times were not all directing their vision

"Tow'rd the capital town of the earth, which for ages had been so,

"And just now more than ever was earning the proud appellation ?

"Were not the names of the men who first proclaim'd the glad
tidings,

"Then thought worthy to rank amongst the greatest of heroes ?

"Were not wit, and speech, and courage found among mortals ?

"We, the nearest alas ! were first to catch the contagion ;

"Then began the war, and troops of Frenchmen drew near us,

"Arms in hand, tho' at first they proffer'd us nothing but friendship:

"Friendly indeed they were, for their spirits were highly elated,

"And in jovial mood the gay trees of freedom they planted,

"Promising each his own without lord or king to control him.

"Then was for young and old alike a season of gladness ;

"And round the banner of hope the merry people came dancing.

"Thus the o'erweening Frank by little and little excited,

- “First the minds of the men,—nor could susceptible women
“For long time withstand his pleasing wiles and enchantments.
“E’en the convulsions of war we deem’d could be suffer’d with
 patience
“When through the circling gloom the horizon was beaming with
 promise,
“And the far rays of the sun betoken’d a happier future.
“Oh! ’tis a joyful time when the bride and the bridegroom together
“Whirl in the dance, and expect the long’d-for day of betrothal;
“But more glorious still for us was the season when all that
“Man holds most sublime it seem’d could be had for the asking.
“Loosen’d was every tongue, while grave sagacious elders
“And impulsive youths discuss’d the coming millennium.
“Darken’d was soon our sky,—a villanous race and unworthy
“Strove to prostitute power for ends of their own, and misus’d it,
“Basely oppressing their new made converts and killing each other;
“Then among rulers and rul’d unbridled passions ran riot,
“Scarcely was found in the land an honest man or a sober:
“Little reck’d any if only enough remain’d for the morrow.
“Daily the pressure increas’d, the sorrow and want were appalling,
“But the lords of the day were deaf to the cry of the hungry.
“Then to wailing and woe a calmer temper succeeded,
“Then we made our plans; and solemnly swore to have vengeance
“For the bitter wrong, and the hopes so cruelly blasted.—
“Soon the fickle goddess return’d to the side of the German;
“And in hasty retreat the Frenchmen flew to the border.
“Ah! then first we felt what a frightful catastrophe war is,
“For the conqueror’s heart is great and good, or appears so;
“And he treats as his own the men who have bow’d to his prowess,
“If he can use their goods, and tax their daily resources:
“But the fugitive foe will plunder all without pity;
“Threaten’d himself with death, what rules of law shall deter him?
“For his passions are rous’d, and by his profligate doings

“He would fain endeavour to chase despair from his bosom.
“Now is nothing secure from his libidinous clutches,
“Rape he adds to his crimes, and becomes a monster of evil :
“Thus he preludes death by a supper of horrors, rejoicing
“With ferocious delight in the bloodshed and woe that surround
him.—

“But amongst us straightway there arose a savage ambition
“To be aveng’d for those we had lost, and to aid the survivors :
“Arms ! to arms ! we cried, embolden’d at seeing the tyrants,
“As they hurried away with pale and fear-stricken faces.—
“Then was incessantly heard the clang of the horrid alarm-bell,
“Nor was our rage allay’d by the sense of new dangers impending.
“Soon the husbandman’s tools were forg’d into murderous weapons,
“And the peaceable scythe and pitchfork were dripping with
slaughter.—

“Then the enemy died, the strong man’s wrath overwhelm’d him,
“Nor did he suffer less from the cowardly spite of the feeble.—
“Oh ! may I never again see humankind so inhuman !
“Worse than the savage brutes,—may I never again be a witness
“To the violent crimes of Freedom’s perverted apostles :
“Giant Evil bursts forth, as soon as the wise regulations,
“Self-impos’d by man, are ever so slightly remitted.”

“Oh ! most worthy sir !” the clergyman cried with emotion,
“You who have suffer’d so much from man’s unprincipled actions
“How can I blame, if you rather misjudge your poor fellow-
creatures :

“Still if you cast back your thoughts through these sorrowful
times, and consider,

“Are you not ready to own how much of good you have witness’d,
“How much virtue that lay in the depths of the heart undiscover’d
“Danger’s cry has evok’d, and in the light of misfortune
“Have not men seem’d saints and guardian angels to others ?”

Smilingly answer’d he, the good old Judge, “You remind me,
“Not inaptly, how often we tell an unfortunate fellow

“ When his dwelling is burnt, to look for the gold and the silver
“ Which he will surely discover diffus’d in the midst of the ashes.
“ Little though there may be that little is well worth the seeking ;
“ So the poor creature digs, and is happy indeed if he finds it.
“ Thus advis’d by you I gladly give an account of
“ Those few virtuous deeds which grateful memory treasures.
“ Yes, I deny not I saw many old resentments forgotten
“ In the common cause of saving our city from ruin ;
“ Then I realiz’d first what parents will dare for their offspring,
“ What the children themselves for their parents, and friends for
 each other.
“ Then the boy shew’d the mind of the sage, while the grey-
 headed elders
“ Took back the vigour of youth, and the very babes prattled wisdom.
“ Then too the weaker sex, as is often the custom to call them,
“ Prov’d themselves fearless and strong, and swift to act in a crisis.
“ But let me hasten to tell before all the glorious exploit
“ Which a maiden achiev’d—the high-soul’d, noble young creature !
“ Who when the men had gone forth to repel the invaders, had
 bravely
“ Stay’d behind to take care of the lonely farm and the children.
“ Then the place was surpris’d by a pack of vagabond fellows,
“ Seeking plunder, who forc’d their way to the women’s apartments,
“ And who, casting their eyes on the perfect form of the damsel,
“ And the younger girls, her pretty childish companions,
“ Burning with lust approach’d the cowering herd, and the maiden.
“ She then, snatching a sword from the side of one of the ruffians,
“ Smote him bleeding to earth ; the rest escap’d from her fury,
“ Four of them bearing wounds from the mighty blows she inflicted,
“ And the farm and its inmates were sav’d by her desperate valour.”

When then the Pastor had heard the girl so highly commended,
Straightway his thoughts were recall’d to his friend and the cause
 of his errand ;

But as he purpos'd to ask where he haply might find her, and whether

She was sojourning still amongst the unfortunate exiles,
Up came the Doctor in haste, and, nudging his reverend colleague,
Whisper'd, "I've found her at last! I knew her at once among
hundreds :

"But come and see for yourself how exactly she suits the description,
"And let the Judge come too and tell us more of her story."

But on turning about they found the old man had departed,
Doubtless summon'd away to give advice to his people.

So the friends proceeded to where a break in the hedgerow
Left a view, and then the Doctor stealthily pointed—

"There! do you see her?" he said, "She holds the baby attired

"Warm and safe in her arms; I recognis'd in a moment

"The old cotton gown with its flowery Indian pattern,

"And the blue pillow-case which Hermann took in the bundle.

"Truly she lost no time in utilizing the presents ;

"But there are other signs which make her identity certain,

"First a corset of black fits close to her figure, and cross-lac'd

"Daintily over her waist, a sweet red bodice is fasten'd ;

"And the linen, which veils the gentle swell of her bosom,

"Under her full round chin is dispos'd in a border of frilling.

"Oval her face and denoting a nature frank and vivacious ;

"Silver pins restrain the flow of her plentiful tresses ;

"E'en as she sits we can see the height of her elegant figure.

"Blue and in numerous folds her kirtle descends from her bodice,

"And as she walks half hides the delicate turn of her ankle.

"Oh! it is she without doubt, so come and let us make certain

"That she is honest and true, and an active, sensible housewife."

Then the Pastor replied, attentively scanning the maiden,

"That our friend lost his heart is indeed no matter of wonder!

"For she would honour the choice of more experienc'd people.

"Truly a beauteous form is a rich endowment of nature,

"For through the journey of life 'tis an ever effectual passport!
 "Whom does not beauty attract to itself? and should there be added
 "Equal charms of mind, who would not stay by it for ever?
 "I can safely affirm that the boy has discover'd a wife here
 "Who will cheer and enlighten the whole of his future existence,
 "And whose woman's strength will never fail to sustain him.
 "Such an angelic form must imprison the soul of an angel,
 "And her youthful vigour bids fair to last through her lifetime."

Then with a thoughtful air the worthy Doctor responded:—

"Looks are treacherous things,—I would not trust to appearance,
 "For how often I've had to acknowledge the truth of the proverb,
 "Till with a new acquaintance a bushel of salt you have eaten
 "Do not lightly trust him, for time alone will convince you
 "What is the worth of his friendship, and if it be true and abiding.
 "Let us interrogate therefore the girl's companions in exile
 "How she stands with them, who have known her from infancy
 upwards."

"I'm for prudence by all means," the Pastor, following, answer'd,
 "For to make love for another's a terribly serious matter."

So they proceeded to meet the active Judge of the strangers
 Who was returning just then up the street in the course of his
 labours:

Him the wary Pastor at once accosted in this wise:—

"Tell us, pray! who is the maiden we saw in the garden hard by here
 "Under the apple tree holding a baby, whose clothes she has made up
 "Out of old linen-stuffs, the gift of some good-natur'd person?
 "We were struck by her looks, there is something downright
 about her,
 "Tell us please all you know, we've a praiseworthy motive in
 asking."

When then the Judge had look'd in the garden he said on returning,
 "Her you already know, 'tis the very identical maiden
 "Whose courageous deed I was only lately recounting;

“ She who seiz’d the sword, and defended herself and her fellows.
“ Look at her now! you can see she is strong and healthy by nature,
“ And as good as strong, for she tended an aged relation
“ Up to his dying breath, whom grief for his foe-beset village
“ And his suffering friends had brought to his end prematurely.
“ Bravely too she controll’d her woe at the fate of her lover,
“ Who, a spirited youth, borne away by the violent current
“ Of his lofty ideas in his ardent pursuit after Freedom,
“ Flew to Paris, and soon encounter’d a terrible death there,
“ For against Tyranny’s wiles he wag’d a perpetual warfare.”

Thus the Elder spoke, and the others thank’d and departed,
Not, however, before the Pastor, kind man! (who already
Had dispens’d all his silver amongst the unfortunate exiles
He had met on the way) had now extracted a gold piece
Out of his purse and offer’d the coin to the Justice, exclaiming,
“ Give your poor needy ones this, ’tis little, but God will augment it!”

But the other said, “ Nay! we are not utterly paupers,
“ Much was sav’d from the fire, much goods, and clothing, and
money,

“ And all these we hope, when we reach home again, to recover.”

But the Pastor compell’d the receipt of his bounty, replying,
“ None should be slow to give in times like these, nor should any
“ Hesitate to accept what is offer’d with kindly intention.
“ Who can predict how long what he now calls his own will remain so?

“ Or how soon he may have to roam among strangers, deploring
“ His far distant home, and the bit of ground that sustain’d him?”

“ Ah! dear me,” cried the Doctor, who scorn’d to be left in the
background,

“ Had I a stiver just now in my purse you should have it and welcome,

“ Were it silver or gold, for greatly your people must need it!

“ But at least you shall see that the will is not wanting to help you.”

Thus he spoke, and drew forth his pet tobacco-pouch, fashion'd
Of embroider'd leather, and took out several pipe-fuls.

"Small is the gift," added he; but the Judge protested, "Of all
things

"Weary wayfarers love a pipe of honest tobacco."

Then the other began to treat of its various merits,

And might have treated long, but the Pastor wisely withdrew him.

"Come," said he, "let us hasten to make our pleasing announcement.

"Think of the feelings with which the poor young fellow awaits us!"

Then they hurried away, and found him under the lindens,

Leaning against the carriage; the horses were restlessly stamping

On the mossy turf,—his silent fingers restrain'd them,

But by truant thought his stony eyes were forsaken,

Nor did he see his friends till their cheerful greetings arous'd him.

Some way off Master Doctor would fain have told all, but his col-
league,

With a squeeze of the hand, assum'd the office of spokesman.

"Joy to you both, young man! So true indeed was the instinct

"Which directed your heart—may every blessing attend you!

"She is worthy your choice, so come, let us turn round the horses,

"And driving back at once to the end of the village, rejoin her,

"And persuade the dear girl to accompany us to your father's."

But the youth stood unmov'd on hearing the words of his envoy—

Heart-stirring tho' they were, nor evinc'd any token of pleasure,

But with a sigh he said, "In haste we found our way here,

"And may be fated perhaps to return with shame at our leisure,

"For since waiting here many grievous cares have oppress'd me.

"Jealousy, doubt, and all that torments the soul of a lover.

"Think you the maiden will go wherever we choose to conduct her,

"Just because we are rich and she is a penniless exile?

"Poverty undeserv'd breeds pride: the girl is stout-hearted,

"Self-reliant and active, the whole wide world lies before her;

"Think you that so great beauty and goodness have never enchanted

“Some worthy fellow before, or that up to this moment the maiden

“Boasts her heart untouch’d by love’s all-ravaging fires ?

“Why should we drive to the place with such expedition, when
may be

“We shall have by and by to creep back in shame and confusion ?

“Sham’d and confounded indeed I shall be, if, having laid claim to

“That brave heart and hand which already some other possesses,

“I shall stand in her presence and hear my offer rejected.”

Eager to comfort his friend, the Pastor would fain have responded,
But the other broke out in his old loquacious fashion,

“Dear me ! we should not have been in such a dilemma in my day.

“Easier methods were found for settling matters of this kind.

“Soon as the parents had found for their son a suitable maiden,

“First a trusty friend of the house was call’d into service,

“And as deputy-wooer despatch’d to the father and mother

“Of the chosen bride. Having made a magnificent toilet,

“After the Sunday meal he would pay the good burgher a visit,

“And while a few friendly words exchanging on general topics,

“Slyly would shape the talk to his own particular purpose,

“Then at length he let fall something good of the maiden, and
something

“Also in praise of the man he had come from, his house and con-
nections,

“And when his motive was guess’d, he was quick to inform himself
whether

“He might safely pursue the grateful theme or avoid it :

“But, disappointed or not, took it all in perfect good humour.

“Should he however succeed, no entertainment was given

“By the young couple, from which our deputy-wooer was absent;

“For be sure thro’ their lives they ne’er lost sight of the fact that

“He had forg’d the first link in the chain of their conjugal
blessings,—

“Chiefly to him were owing the joys of their prosperous union.

“ All this however has now with many another good usage
 “ Gone out of vogue, and our lover must needs pop the question in
 person,—

“ Then by all manner of means let him take his answer in person !
 “ And who else is to blame if he gets pack’d off like an idiot ?”

“ Let that be as it may,” said the youth, who had calmly been forming
 His decision, and scarce heard a word of this little effusion,—

“ I will go myself, and out of the mouth of the maiden
 “ Learn my fate ;—for on her I place the most perfect reliance.
 “ And whate’er she may say will be wise and discreet, I am certain.
 “ For, be it never again, I’m resolv’d once more to encounter
 “ Those dark thoughtful eyes,—those frank ingenuous glances :
 “ Once more to look on the form which my arm ever longs to encircle,
 “ Tho’ it may ne’er be my right to press the dear girl to my bosom :
 “ Once more I’ll see that mouth, a touch of whose lips and whose
 Yes ! would

“ Make me happy for ever ; whose No ! would for ever destroy me !
 “ Leave me then, friends, to myself, and go and report to my parents
 “ That their son has here form’d no unworthy attachment.
 “ Leave me, friends, to myself,—the footpath over the hillside,
 “ Up by the old pear-tree, and down thro’ the vineyard beyond it,
 “ Takes me directly home. Oh ! may my fortunate fate be
 “ Not to return alone : should she refuse to come with me
 “ Desolate ever must be my every path to my life’s end !”

With these words he gave over the reins to the Pastor, who clearly
 Knew how to handle them well, and stepping into the carriage,
 Took the driver’s seat, and master’d the foam-flecker’d horses.
 But the other, more prudent, held back for a moment, exclaiming,
 “ Sure there is none under heaven to whose direction more gladly
 “ I would entrust my soul, or bring my mind for instruction,
 “ Than to you, my friend, but this is a different matter,
 “ And you’ll excuse me for doubting if life and limb are in safety
 “ In our worldly stage when priests will sit on the coach-box.”

Smiling the worthy Pastor said, "Take your seat and be certain
"You may safely entrust to me your bodily welfare.
"I am a practis'd hand, for when I was living in Strasburg,
"Day after day for a drive I took the young Baron my pupil,
"Day after day thro' the gateway I guided the carriage, and steer'd it
"With experienc'd eye thro' crowds of holiday people,
"Down the dusty road as far as the linden-tree meadows."
Thereupon half assur'd the Doctor remounted, but ever
Sat as if ready to make a cautious jump when the time came.—
Home dash'd the eager steeds meanwhile to their stables, envelop'd
By the clouds of dust which from under their ponderous hoofs rose.
Long the young man stood and watch'd it whirling above them,
Watch'd it settle again in vacant mood and abstracted.

E R A T O.

JUST as the sun upon which the wayfarer's vision has rested
 As it sank to the west, still dances in image before him ;
 Turn about as he may, on every bush by the roadside,
 From each dusky rock, starts forth the luminous phantom,
 Glowing here and there with ever-varying colours ;
 So mov'd Hermann on, preceded, follow'd, attended
 Silently through the corn by the lovely form of the maiden.
 But as he wended his way with loitering steps to the village,
 Scarce dis-illusion'd yet, once more he stood in amazement,
 Once more the well known figure came down the pathway towards
 him.

How intently he gaz'd ! Yes ! this was no apparition : [13]
 This was the maid herself ! A little jug and a large one
 Bearing in either hand she hurried along to the fountain.

Joyfully went he to meet her, her look gave him strength and
 courage,

And to his own surprise he began at once to accost her :

“ Am I ever to find you, most energetic of maidens,

“ Taking delight in providing for others' needs and refreshment ?

“ Tell me why, when to most the village streamlet suffices

“ You have come so far to fill your jugs at the fountain ?

“ True the water here is notably pleasant and sparkling,

“ Is it for that poor sick one who owes her life to your nursing ? ”

Him the good young maid with friendly promptitude answer'd,

“ Fully repaid is already my walk to the spring here, in finding

“ Him whose benevolent hand has pour'd such bounty upon us.

“ For no less than the gifts the sight of the giver is welcome :

“ Come and see for yourself those whom your kindness has aided,

“ And receive their thanks.—But first of all I must tell you

“ Why I came so far to fill my jugs at the fountain,

“ Where from bottomless stores the livelong water comes bubbling.
“ Every drop in the town the reckless folk have polluted :
“ E’en through the precious brook from whence their daily supply
comes
“ Troops of beasts are driven, and what with washing and bathing
“ Never a wholesome draught remains in fountain or conduit ;
“ Each one, anxious alone for himself and the needs of the moment,
“ Has not a thought to bestow on the wants of those that succeed
him.”

Speaking thus she had come down the broad stone steps with her
comrade,
And they had seated themselves on the wall by the side of the
fountain,

Then she lean’d to fill her pitcher, and he to assist her

Lean’d over too, and there on the borrow’d blue of the water

They could see their forms in gentle coquetry playing,

Dancing to and fro, and making grave salutations.

“ Give me to drink,” at length said the careless boy, and accepted
From her hands the draught ; then they sat confidingly resting
Some little time in silence—the maid was the first to dispel it.—

“ Why do I find you here, without your carriage and horses ?

“ How did you come so far,—so far from the place where we first
met ?”

Hermann was scanning the earth, but raising his glance to the
maiden

Saw her trustful eyes, and recover’d boldness to answer.

He would have spoken of love, but the sober sense which was beaming
From those guileless orbs, delay’d his eager intention,

Nor did his kindly tone betray his thoughts as he answer’d,

“ You were the cause of my coming, my child, why need I disguise it ?

“ For with my two dear parents I live in comfort hard by here,

“ And as their only son, and because the farm is a large one,

“ Help them to carry it on, and divide the cares of the household.

- “ Busy from morn to night each has his special vocation,
“ Father rules at home, while I am afield with the ploughmen,
“ Mother takes charge of the Inn, and makes it as blithe as a beehive :
“ But you probably know what a short-witted race and dishonest
“ Servants are, and how they worry their mistresses’ lives out,
“ Scarce setting foot in the house but to leave from caprice or misconduct.
“ Long has my mother wish’d to find some trustworthy maiden,
“ Who, not only with hands, but with loving heart, would assist her,
“ Filling the void that was caus’d by the death of her own little daughter.
“ Now when I saw you to-day so full of vigour and spirits,
“ Noted your health and strength, and your sensible manner of speaking,
“ Homeward in wonder I hurried in haste to proclaim to my parents
“ Your uncommon deserts, and now I am come back to tell you
“ How they wish, and I,”—but here he ended abruptly.—
“ Hesitate not,” said she, “ your fullest thoughts to discover,
“ Speak them plainly out I entreat, nor think to offend me ;
“ But already I know and approve your kindly intention ;
“ You would like me to come and wait on your father and mother,
“ Taking a servant’s place in their well-administer’d household :
“ And you hope to find me a handy, competent person,
“ Not too much the fine lady to earn an honest subsistence.
“ Brief shall be my reply as your proposal was sudden :
“ Yes ! I will go with you, for surely Providence wills it.
“ I have accomplish’d my task, the poor sick girl and her infant
“ Need my help no more, her friends and kinsmen surround her,
“ Glad at her safety,—and now the people are flocking together,
“ Finding each other again, and after the manner of exiles
“ Planning a speedy return to the happy homes of their fathers.
“ But in my heart the last faint spark of hope is extinguish’d,

“ And the future looms forth as dreary and dark as the present ;
“ Snapp’d are all social ties, and nothing can ever unite them
“ Save the extremest needs which we all are destin’d to suffer :
“ If I could earn my bread in some respectable service,
“ Under a mistress’s eye, why should I not cheerfully do so ?
“ Doubtful is her repute who has no fix’d habitation !
“ Yes ! I will go with you, but first together returning,
“ Let us receive the thanks and parting adieus of my comrades,
“ Who shall into the hands of my new employer resign me.”

Joyfully heard the youth the maiden’s prompt acquiescence,
And would fain then and there have quite unburden’d his bosom,
But it seem’d to him best to prolong the petty deception
Till in his father’s house he could urge his suit more securely :
And at that moment he saw—and the sight altogether unnerv’d
him,

Paralysing his speech—a ring of gold on her finger.

“ Let us get back,” she proceeded, “ for maidens who loiter in this
way

“ By the fountain get scolded, and yet the place of all places
“ For a friendly chat is the side of the murmuring runnel.”

So they arose, but turn’d once more to look on the water,
While their bosoms thrill’d with lovers’ tender forebodings ;
Lifting silently then the brimming jugs by the handles
Up the steps she went, and Hermann follow’d in silence.
And when he offer’d to bear a pitcher and lessen her burden,
The shy maid declar’d a balanc’d load was the lightest,
And that ’twas unbecoming for masters to wait on their servants.

“ Nor need you cast on me those serious glances,” she added,
“ As if you thought my lot deserving of pity, for woman
“ Early should learn to serve, of her missions in life ’tis the
plainest,
“ And it is only by this she fits herself to be mistress,
“ Earning by slow degrees the right to govern a household.

“ Girls should be ever alert to wait on their brothers and parents,
“ Carrying to and fro, and cheerfully coming and going,
“ Every breath of their lives employ’d in the service of others.
“ Truly blessed is she who is ready for all undertakings,
“ Rough and smooth alike,—for whose unselfish endeavours
“ The long day is too short, and peaceful night must contribute.
“ Think of the cares and pains of the poor weak mother, awaken’d
“ To sustain her babe, and still its querulous outcries.
“ Trials such as hers would tax the patience of giants,
“ Men may be thankful indeed they are not call’d to endure them.”

Speaking thus, the maid and her mute attendant proceeded
Through the gardens and came to where the young mother was
lying

On the floor of the barn, contented at heart, for around her
Stood her innocent girls, Dorothea’s companions in danger ;
At that moment too came the worthy Judge, who had rescued
From the madding crowd two more little errants, and leading
One in either hand, to their weeping mother restor’d them.
See the delight with which they spring to her sheltering bosom !
And caress the babe, their new little brother and playmate :
Lovingly too they greet their dear Dorothea, demanding
Food and fruit, but entreat before all a taste of the water.
Now the jugs are pass’d round,—now drink both mother and
children,

Drink the daughters, the Judge is glad to moisten his palate.
All are loud in their praise of the kind young maid, and the fountain

Which sends forth a stream, so sparkling, cold, and refreshing.
“ Friends,” at length she said more gravely, “ this is the last time ;
“ Yes ! the very last I shall bring my jugs here and see you
“ Lave your fever’d lips : yet some hot noon-day reclining
“ Under the linden shade, by the fountain-head, you will haply
“ Call Dorothea to mind, and the friendly service she render’d,—

“ Render'd from love more strong than ties of duty or kinship :
“ As for your kindness to me through life I shall never forget it !
“ Much I sorrow to leave you, yet what could I do by remaining,
“ Save increase your needs ? for if we are doom'd to abandon
“ Fatherland for aye, we must sooner or later be scatter'd
“ Over this foreign land, in search of honest employment.
“ As for myself this youth, to whose munificent kindness
“ We are indebted for food, and welcome wraps for the baby,
“ Fetches me home to serve his noble father and mother,
“ And to earn my wage in their well-administer'd household.
“ Nor could I refuse : for a girl's most obvious of duties
“ Is to serve. Shame on her who lounges at home like a lady !
“ Gladly I follow his beck : he seems a worthy young fellow,
“ Doubtless his parents too, as beseems such rich people, are worthy.
“ So dearest friend adieu ! take heart from the sight of your baby,
“ In whose laughing eyes already the health-fires sparkle :
“ Clasp the wee fop to your breast in his gay-colour'd clothes, and
 be thankful
“ To this honest youth, who having thus amply enrich'd you,
“ Promises now to provide your friend too with victuals and clothing.
“ You, dear Sir !” she continued, addressing the Judge : “ who
 have ever
“ Been a father to me,—receive the thanks of an orphan.”

Then kneeling down by the side of the weeping woman, she
 kiss'd her,

And on her tremulous lips read the blessing inaudibly whisper'd.

Listen to what the good Judge meanwhile is saying to Hermann.
“ Friend, I see you are one of those sensible men among landlords,
“ Who make a point of securing intelligent people to help them.
“ For I have often observ'd how close and anxious a study
“ Men will make of the horse or cow they would purchase or barter,
“ But when the moment comes for choosing their household depen-
 dants,

“ Who are so mighty to save or to spoil, as their nature may prompt them,

“ These they are blindly content to admit to their houses at random,

“ And are discover’d too late regretting their hasty selection.

“ You are wiser than they, for she whom you take into service

“ Is a peerless maid : so hold her fast, for as long as

“ She remains in the house, and waits upon you and your parents,

“ You will not lack a sister, nor they an affectionate daughter.”

All this time the kin of the poor invalid kept arriving

Eager with presents, and offers to find her more suitable lodgings.

These one and all commended the maiden’s resolve, while to

Hermann

Many a grateful look, and approving glance was accorded,

Flew too furtive whispers from mouth to ear of the maidens,

“ If the boy will wed, she’ll be a lady of fortune !”

He then taking her hand said, “ Let us be going, for daylight

“ Will not last us long, and some way off is the village.”

Then the clamouring women besieg’d Dorothea with kisses,

Hardly could Hermann withdraw her from so many tearful embraces;

Children hung on her skirts with loud lamentations refusing

“ From their own little mother,” they tenderly said, “ to be parted.”

So the mothers themselves came up to the rescue, pretending

That they need not bewail the loss of their friend, who was merely

Taking a trip to the town, in order to fetch them the sweetmeats,

Which their dear little brother the baby had order’d, in passing

Through the place on the back of the kind old stork who had brought

him, [14]

And that she soon would return with handfuls of pretty gilt play-

things.

Thus from the credulous bairns Dorothea broke loose, and with

Hermann

Fled, pursued by kisses, and distant flutter of kerchiefs.

MELPOMENE.

So the pair went up towards the western horizon,
Where in angry clouds the sun was veiling his splendour;
Once and again through the air gleam'd ominous flashes of lightning,
Now this side, now that, of the fading landscape revealing.
"God vouchsafe," said Hermann, "the blackening skies do not
send us

"Hail storms and violent rains, for fair is the promise of harvest."

Fair indeed, for scarcely their own tall stately young figures
Topp'd the nodding ears of the corn which narrow'd their pathway.
Then said the maid as she follow'd her friendly conductor, "Oh!
tell me,

"You, to whose kindness I owe a happier fate than my fellows,—
"Many of whom alas! no roof or ceiling shall cover,
"When on their houseless heads descends the blustering tempest—
"Give me now before all some little account of your parents,
"Since to serve them well for many a year I am purpos'd,
"And 'tis an easier task to work for a master and mistress,
"If one has learnt their tastes and peculiar fancies beforehand.
"Tell me then how to win your father's and mother's affections."

Answer'd the good young man, "Oh! best and wisest of maidens,
"How I admire the wit which prompts you to ask in the first place
"After my parents' tastes! for long and vainly I've striven
"Up to this day, to do my father laudable service,
"Labouring early and late, at home, a-field, in the vineyard;
"Never to gain his bread has hungry orphan work'd harder.
"Mother knows full well and appreciates my endeavours,
"And she will think you, I'm sure, of womankind the most perfect,
"When she sees with what zeal you devote yourself to your duties.
"Not so my father, for he is a thousand times more exacting.

“ But oh ! deem me not unfeeling and callous, dear maiden,
“ In so soon disclosing my father’s mind to a stranger.
“ Never before in my life have such confessions escap’d me :
“ Rather condemn yourself, who have the mystical power
“ Of converting the most reserv’d of men to a babbler.
“ Some little comforts of life requires my excellent father,
“ And not only respect, but outward proofs of affection,
“ And the heartiest service of one inattentive in this wise,
“ Might excite his disgust,—would surely fail to content him.”

“ I will be ready with both,” said the lively maiden, redoubling
Her elastic step, as the shadows thicken’d around them.

“ For congenial must be your mother’s nature, nor am I
“ Ignorant of the charm of an outward refinement of manner.
“ Our neighbours the French, I remember well in my young
days, [15]

“ Set great store by politeness : then citizen, noble, and peasant,
“ Each and all profess’d it, and rear’d their sons in its precepts ;
“ So our Germans too were wont to train up their children
“ Every morn and eve to present themselves to their elders,
“ And invite their blessings with reverential greetings.
“ By what I then was taught, and by gentle manners, instinctive
“ In a loving heart, I’ll win your parents’ affections.
“ But to you their son, some day yourself to be master,
“ Who shall advise me what must be my future demeanour ?”

By this time they had reach’d the old pear-tree on the hill-top,
Now the night had set in, and gone the last shimmer of sunshine.
Moonlight brighter than day, and storm-clouds blacker than Hades
Rolling together in fight, the vault of heaven contested.
Here at his favourite spot, where the fate of the exiles had mov’d him
Only that morning to tears, did Hermann with joyful emotion
Hear that friendly voice, and the maiden’s innocent question.
Seizing her hand, as she sat to rest for a little, he answer’d,
“ Do as your heart dictates”—not another word did he venture.

At the mercy of love at such a moment, how nearly
Did the youth pour forth his bosom's story, but ever
Dreaded by foolish haste to invoke the dire refusal,
And on her finger he felt the ring, that terrible witness ;
So they sat together for some few seconds in silence.—
Said the maiden at length, "How sweetly the glorious moon plays,
"Like the light of day, on yonder houses and buildings!
"Sharp and clear they stand to the view, and in one little window
"In the roof each pane gives forth its tiny refulgence."

"What you are looking at now," rejoined her comrade, demurely,
"Is my father's house, my home, to which we are going,
"And the window you see belongs to my room in the attic,
"Which may now become yours—we shall have no doubt to make
changes.
"These are all our fields—they are almost ripe for the harvest—
"Here in the shade we shall take our mid-day meal with the reapers.
"But it is time for us now to go down through the vineyard and
garden,
"For see how the storm is slowly gathering round us,
"Soon the tender moon must be swallow'd up in its fury."

So they rose from the bench, and still in the moonlight rejoicing,
Through the giant corn they pursued their way to the village,
Till they reach'd the vineyard and found the footpath o'ershadow'd.
Then through the arching vines young Hermann led his companion,
Stone by stone descending the rough and difficult staircase.
Slowly she follow'd his steps, supporting herself by his shoulders,
Till the moon, which awhile through the leaves had been fitfully
gleaming,

Sank in the storm's embrace, and left them in absolute darkness.
Stoutly the youth upheld the depending form of the maiden,
But at length, unknowing the steep and treacherous pathway,
On some rugged stone she miss'd her footing and stumbled.
Quick as the lightning's flash he turn'd and instantly caught her

In his outstretch'd arms : down sank the lov'd one, reclining
Helpless, breast to breast and cheek to cheek. Like a statue
Stood the boy erect, his ardent passion controlling,
Press'd her no nearer his heart, defying love's rapturous instincts.
Thus he held for a moment his precious burden, exulting
In her balmy breath, and the warmth of her fluttering bosom :
Held in manhood's pride the best and bravest of women.
But she conceal'd the pain, and jokingly said, " It betokens
" Some reverse, people say, do they not, to slip on the threshold ?
" I should have lik'd to have had a more auspicious omen.
" But let us tarry a little, or else your parents will blame us,—
" Me for a limping maid, and you for a bad major domo."

URANIA.

MUSES,—of honest love the kind, compassionate, patrons,
 Who thus far on his way have led our youth, and allow'd him
 Somewhat prematurely to press the fair to his bosom,
 Oh ! withdraw not your aid, but swiftly dispelling the shadows
 Which o'erhang the lovers, disclose the joyful betrothal !
 But what was doing meanwhile indoors must first be related.

Twice already the mother had restlessly enter'd the parlour
 Where the men sat smoking, and now she comes for the third time,
 Tells how the brooding storm has obscur'd the face of the heavens,
 Talks of the dangers of night and wonders where Hermann is
 staying :

Roundly she chides too the friends who so soon deserted their com-
 rade,

Not even stopping to say a word in his praise to the maiden.

“ Why make things worse than they are ? ” the father grumbled,
 “ for see how

“ We sit here, not less impatiently biding the outcome.”

Calmly the Doctor observ'd from his easy chair in the corner,

“ Never I cease to bless, in an anxious hour like this one,

“ My poor father, who early excis'd from my mind, and uprooted

“ Every shred of impatience, and cur'd me of having the fidgets,

“ So that now I excel Penelope's self in endurance.”

“ Tell us, pray,” said the Pastor, “ how did your sire contrive it ? ”

“ Willingly,” answered the other : “ The story is rather instructive.

“ One fine Sunday I stood impatiently waiting the carriage,

“ Which was to take us out for a drive to the linden-tree meadows ;

“ When it came not, I began to hop about like a squirrel,

“ Upstairs and downstairs I flew, and migrated from window to
 doorstep.

"Now I was scratching the table, and then round and round it
careering ;

"If I stood still for a moment 'twas only to gnaw at my fingers.

"All this my father observ'd, till, able no more to endure it,

"Seizing my arm, he led me with placid mien to the window :

"'Over the way,' he remark'd, 'you may see the shop of the joiner.

"'All is silent now behind shutters, but early to-morrow

"'It will start into life, and hour by hour the workmen,

"'Busy with hammer and saw, will ply their trade until midnight.

"'But consider this, the day must dawn sooner or later,

"'When the master will rise, and all his journeymen with him,

"'Bent upon finishing off a coffin for you to be laid in.

"'Over here they will trudge with the wooden box on their shoulders,

"'Which, some day or other, for that short drive to the graveyard,

"'Patient alike and impatient, will serve us all for a carriage.'

"As he spoke my fancy the ugly picture foreshadow'd,

"Plainly I saw them nailing the narrow timbers together,

"Saw the nodding plumes, and the dismal garb of the mourners,

"Then as grave as a judge I sat and awaited the carriage.

"Now, whene'er the rude crowd in tiptoe expectation

"Jostle and push, I fold my arms and think on the coffin."

Smiling, the Pastor said, "The pathetic image of death brings

"To the wise man no fear, no thought of an end to the good man.

"That one it urges back to action, and this one it strengthens,

"Sorrowing for the time when in joy his hope shall be emptied.

"Death is to both new life : alas ! that sensitive childhood

"In any different light should be brought up to regard it.

"Rather the boy should mark the worth of a noble existence,

"Slowly maturing itself, and flowing away like a river,

"Till the peaceful waters of life eternal receive it."

Here the door was unclos'd, and the handsome pair were dis-
cover'd :

Greatly marvell'd the friends and the loving parents to witness

How the maid compar'd with her lover in mien and appearance ;
And so tall in stature they cross'd the threshold together,
That the very doorway seem'd suddenly dwarf'd by their figures.
Shyly young Hermann presented the maid to his parents, and
stammer'd,

" Here is your want supplied of a help in the household, dear mother ;
" You who are wisdom itself in domestic economy, prove her,
" See if she be not well vers'd in every branch of the subject :
" Welcome her kindly, dear father : she richly merits your kindness."

Then he took aside the worthy Pastor, and whisper'd,
" Quickly, reverend sir ! out of this embarrassment help me,
" Loose the self-woven net I dare not myself to unravel,
" For not a word of love have I said to the maiden, or brought her
" Here as my bride : she thinks to fill the place of a servant,
" And will want to escape if aught of marriage is talk'd of.
" But let the question be solv'd, she must not be suffer'd in error
" Thus to remain, nor can I endure the suspense any longer ;
" Haste then, and be once again my friend and wise mediator."

Nor did the Pastor delay, and turn'd to the group to address them,
But alas ! already the maiden's soul had been troubled
By the father's speech, who, with the best of intentions,
Thinking only to please, had thus jocosely attack'd her.

" Ha ! this is well indeed, I am glad to find that my Hermann
" Shews the same good taste that his father discover'd in his time,
" For at the ball be sure his was ever the prettiest partner,
" And when he married, his wife—there she sits—was the prettiest
also."

" For by his choice of a wife we can judge of a man's disposition,
" And if an adequate sense of his own proper worth he possesses.
" You, my dear, have not wasted much precious time in reflection,
" But for a maiden's eye I confess the lad has attractions."

Scarcely did Hermann hear the words, but shudder'd in hearing.

All the others too stood lost in silent confusion,
 While from the wounded heart of poor Dorothea, who look'd not
 For such idle words, and thought herself cruelly banter'd,
 Rose the crimson flood, and ting'd her delicate features,
 Redden'd her very neck ; but manfully summoning courage,
 Found she voice and spoke, though the tones betray'd her emotion.
 " This indeed, worthy Sir ! is not the sort of reception
 " I had hop'd to have from you, the worshipful burgher,
 " And a father so good as your son has already portray'd you.
 " You before whom I stand I know for a man of refinement,
 " Vers'd in the ways of men, and their various grades and con-
 ditions,
 " But for the girl who enters your doors as a hired dependant,
 " Poor and forlorn tho' she be, it seems you have no compassion.
 " Were it so, you would scarcely make merry with one who in
 station
 " Is so far remov'd from you and your son here as I am.
 " Poor in sooth I come, the whole of my worldly possessions [16]
 " Holding in my hand, to a house whose fortunate owners
 " Are provided with all that the heart of man can have need for.
 " This I well understand and recognize my position,
 " But is it generous thus to meet me at once with derision,
 " Almost driving me back from your threshold or e'er I have
 cross'd it ?"

Anxiously Hermann stepp'd forth and made a sign to the Pastor,
 Quickly with ready wit the shades of error to scatter.
 But to the reverend man as he look'd at the maid and conjectur'd
 More than a passing smart beneath that fluttering bosom,
 Seem'd the occasion good to test the state of her feelings.
 And he thus address'd her : " You did not consider, fair alien,
 " When you rashly resolv'd to earn your bread amongst strangers,
 " What it is to be at the beck of a rigorous master :
 " Nor have you thought perhaps to what a painful endurance

“For a whole long year your given word may commit you.
“Not the hardest to bear is the wearisome coming and going,
“Not the daily toil, the common portion of mortals,
“But the master’s unjust complaints and querulous humours,
“Doubtful himself of his needs, and yet requiring all things.
“Or your mistress may have a hasty and violent temper,
“And her mannerless brood with cruel persistency plague you.
“Hard it is indeed to suffer thus, and yet briskly,
“Cheerfully, to perform the various duties of service!
“How can you, whose heart the father’s innocent jesting
“Has so deeply mov’d, take such a burden upon you?”

Thus he spoke, and his words went home to the soul of the maiden,

Able no longer now to control her swelling emotions,
Sighs and tears gush’d forth, as in broken accents she answer’d:
“Oh! how little insight has Wisdom herself to the hearts of
“Those to whom she lends her cool judicious counsels!
“Worse than vain are the words with which she offers condolence
“In the griefs which it pleases a wiser Heaven to send us.
“You who are rich and happy no jest can wound, but remember
“How to the poor invalid the nicest touch may be torture.
“Let me at once lay bare the wound which, madly secreted,
“Day by day will grow and at length with fever consume me.
“Longer I dare not remain: Oh! let me be going this instant,
“Back to my wandering friends, whom, seeking to better my prospects,
“Egotist that I am! I left in the midst of their troubles.
“This is my firm resolve, and now I can make a confession
“Which in other case for years might have never escap’d me.
“Yes! the father’s jest did deeply move me, I own it.
“Proud I am not indeed, nor unbecomingly fretful;
“Other feelings than these had, alas! already disabled
My too sensitive heart, already my foolish affection

- “ Had been set on this youth. He dawn’d on my sight like a saviour
“ When he came this morning, and when he left me his presence
“ Fill’d my every thought,—on my soul his image was graven.
“ Loves he already ? I wonder’d, and envied the fortunate fair one ;
“ And when he met me again on the way to the fountain, his coming
“ Was to me as sweet as that of an angel from heaven :
“ Servant or slave,—what matter’d,—he ask’d and how gladly I
follow’d !
“ Yet in truth I confess as I walk’d by his side I was planning
“ How by hearty service, and unexampled devotion
“ I might one day become an essential part of his household.
“ Now alas ! I see how mad I was to imagine
“ I could live so near him without betraying my feelings :
“ Only now I perceive how widely remov’d is the lot of
“ A poor creature like me from that of the wealthy young burgher.
“ How could I think to endure my secret woe till such time as
“ He should bring home his bride,—how then could I hope to survive it ?
“ See how reasons crowd ! It is not a passionate impulse
“ But a grave conviction that urges my instant departure.
“ Glad I am to have been thus early warn’d, for already
“ Now that my grief is divulg’d I feel I can bear and outlive it.
“ Oh ! let me hurry away and hide my shame and confusion.
“ Never before perhaps has tongue of maiden been driven
“ Thus to unlock her heart, and disclose its innermost workings.
“ Hark ! how the thunder rolls, the storm comes nearer and nearer,
“ Down from the pitchy clouds the rain is beating in torrents.
“ But not all the horrors of night and blustering tempest
“ Shall deter me now : all this and more have I suffer’d
“ During that piteous flight, while the enemy hover’d around us,
“ Forth once again I will go, my vagrant existence renewing,
“ Destin’d ever to float, a waif on humanity’s ocean !
“ All is over between us, farewell ! ”

Speaking thus the poor girl resum'd her bundle, and plac'd it
Under her arm, and so mov'd off to the door, but the mother,
Though amaz'd and bewilder'd, instinctively hurried to meet her,
And in her outstretch'd arms encircled her lovingly, crying,
"What does all this mean? and why are you weeping in this way?
"Leave me you shall not, who art the affianc'd bride of my
Hermann."

But as they mingled their tears the father stood glowering at them,
Now beyond measure annoy'd, and said in tones of derision,
"This I suppose I must take as the chief of your many kind
favours,

"That out of all the worries you keep the worst until bedtime ;
"For my pet aversion is women's ridiculous whining.
"Silly outbursts like these increase the pother and turmoil,
"While a man of sense would be spreading oil on the waters.
"As for me, I am sick of the whole of this precious proceeding,
"I shall be off to bed : you must settle the matter without me."

Then he turn'd on his heel, and was hobbling off to the chamber
Where for many a year the worthy old couple had slumber'd,
But his son rush'd up, and cried, "Oh, Sir! I implore you
"Go not thus in anger, nor blame this innocent maiden.
"I myself it was who led you all into error,
"And our reverend friend has, God knows wherefore, increas'd it
"By suppressing the truth ; but here again I adjure him
"By the deep respect I hold for his masterly wisdom
"—Must I hold it no more?—to explain away the illusion,
"And, result what may, to give the matter an ending."

Smiling the Pastor replied, "Who then do you think more
adroitly

"Could have entic'd from the maiden this pretty account of her
feelings?
"Have I not straightway converted your doubts and fears into
rapture?

“Speak then yourself, my friend,—what need for me to be spokesman?”

Now steps Hermann forth, and says, in tones of endearment,
“Never regret, sweet maid, these tears, this short-liv’d affliction,
“Through whose blessed means my joy and yours is accomplish’d,
“For when I came to the spring, ’twas not the services only
“Of the exile maid, but her love I came to solicit.
“Would that my diffident eyes, when in the watery mirror
“They encounter’d yours, had more than friendliness noted!
“Still to bring you home was something, and now to evoke it
“From your own dear lips, is joy unmix’d and unending.”

Tender and true was the glance the maiden bestow’d on her suitor,
Nor denied him a kiss, the summit of lovers’ ambition,
Who with the touch of lips unbar the gate which lays open
To their yearning souls the boundless Eden they long’d for.

Then when the Pastor had told the rest, Dorothea came stealing
Up to the father’s side, and with winning sweetness of manner
Stoop’d and seiz’d his hand, not unresisting, and kiss’d it,
Saying, “Sir! you are just, and will not refuse your forgiveness
“To one thus distracted by sudden changes of fortune:
“Pardon the tears of grief, these tears of happiness pardon,
“Oh! take not away my last and greatest of blessings!
“Let the first annoyance which I in my ignorance caus’d you
“Be also the last, and, whate’er the duties of service,
“Let me perform them all from a daughter’s love to her father.”

Then with moisten’d eyes the honest landlord embrac’d her,
Up came the mother too, and with loving, eager assurance
Press’d her again to her heart, and kiss’d the last tears from her
eyelids.

Then the Pastor seiz’d the father’s hand, and by pulling
At his fat round finger, detach’d the ring of betrothal,
Took the mother’s too, and declar’d the children affianc’d,
Saying, “Oh! once again may the golden symbols be destin’d

"To cement a bond as fast and firm as the old one.

"Here is a boy who is deeply absorb'd in love for a maiden,

"Who confesses that he is the man she would have for her husband,

"Therefore our friend here be witness that with the consent of your parents,

"I betroth you both. May heaven's blessing attend you!"

But as the reverend man the maiden's hand was upraising,

With surprise he notic'd the other ring, which already
At the fountain had rous'd her lover's anxious attention.

So he jokingly said, "It seems this is not the first time

"You have been betroth'd—let us hope the earlier bridegroom

"Will not appear at the wedding, and enter a protest against it."

But she said, "Oh! allow me a moment or two to indulge in

"The sad reminiscence which this little token awakens.

"Well indeed such tribute his memory merits, who leaving

"Home and country for aye, gave me this ring as a keepsake.

"He foresaw it all, when 'neath Liberty's banner enlisting,

"Eager to strike a blow in the very stronghold of tyrants,

"Up to Paris he hurried, and there was imprison'd and murder'd.

"'May your life be happy!' said he; 'for myself I am moving,

"Moving like the rest, for all is change and commotion.

"Nations change their laws, and property changes its owners,

"Earth's foundations rock; all mortal ties are dis sever'd,

"Friendship and love itself must yield to the general impulse.

"I must leave you here, and where again shall I find you?—

"Haply this talk will be our last. Oh! true is the saying,

"Man is here on earth no more than a stranger and exile.

"Never more than now,—the soil is no man's, and riches

"Take themselves wings and fly: the church's ancient treasures,

"Holy chalice and paten, are run into impious metal.

"All is commotion and change, as if the very creation

"Must itself be dissolv'd, and modell'd afresh out of chaos.

"Keep your heart for me, and should we meet again one day
 "On the ruins of this world, 'twill be as regenerate creatures,
 "Fashion'd anew, and free, and fearless of destiny's edicts,
 "For who survives these times will laugh at the ills of the future.
 "But should we never again, our present perils outriding,
 "Feel the joy of renewing love's placid hours together,
 "Do not forget me quite,—but let my image, uprising
 "Sometimes to your mind, new hopes and courage enkindle.
 "Let new homes attract, new ties, and other attachments,
 "Gladly and gratefully taking whatever Providence sends you.
 "Love and kindness are rare, throw open your heart to receive them,
 "But be not too rash, for in each new friendship contracted
 "Lurk the germs of another and less endurable sorrow.
 "Set not too great a store on life; esteem it, but rather
 "As a sacred pledge, to be redeem'd at the asking.'—
 "Noble heart! these words were the last he ever address'd me.
 "Since that day I lost my all, and often and often
 "Thought of his warning voice; and now that a happier fortune
 "Gives me back love, and awakens the brightest hopes in my bosom,
 "I must think of them still. Oh! pardon my faltering manner,
 "Dearest friend, while thus with loving arm you support me:
 "So does the bourne of his hopes, the earth's immovable platform,
 "Seem to roll beneath the voyager's footstep on landing."
 Side by side, as she spoke, she plac'd the rings on her finger.

Deeply mov'd was the bridegroom, but manly and brave was his
 answer:

"Dorothea, the more the universe totters around us,
 "So much the faster stand we, with faith in ourselves and each other,
 "Obstinately adhering to all that is useful and noble.
 "For who stands not firm, when the weak-kneed masses are swaying,
 "Adds his own weight to the press, and intensifies the disaster.
 "One determin'd man can shape the world to his model. [17]
 "But to be borne along in the midst of a cowardly panic,

“ Floundering hither and thither, is not becoming a German.
“ Let us say, this is mine ! and not be afraid to maintain it,
“ For brave souls who fight for God and the law, and their kindred,
“ Banded against the foe, may fall, but are never forgotten !
“ As for me I have you,—and all that is mine I will cherish
“ And defend to the death, for be it now or hereafter
“ That the enemy comes, I can fearlessly risk the encounter,
“ Leaving no longer my home and dearest parents uncar’d for.
“ Then may all, like me, array themselves for the struggle,
“ For could might meet might, and equal the chances of battle,
“ War and rapine would end, and Peace renew our borders !” [18]

NOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

[1] This was F. A. Wolff, who had started the idea that the Homeric poems were not the production of the man whose name they bear, but the joint composition of various writers collected and remodelled at a later age.

CALLIOPE.

[2] *Strutting about in a jacket.*

A Polish coat, with upright collars, and embroidered with cords, which was much worn about the time of the poem,—amongst others, by the Grand Duke of Weimar, who had his portrait taken in this costume.

[3] *High-minded sensible Vicar.*

I am aware that a German Vicar is a much more subordinate person than his English namesake, but here I thought it better to have something more definite than “Pastor,” which I have used in the later Cantos. The English word “Vicar” conveys nearly the same meaning to English, as the word “Pfarrer” to German ears, and moreover has pleasant associations for many of us.

[4] *Peace will be shortly returning.*

On the 13th May, 1797, Goethe writes to Schiller, “Even to me the Peace is of some advantage, as by it my poem gains a more complete unity of effect.” The peace spoken of must have been the Armistice between France and Austria signed at Loeben on the 18th April, 1797.

TERPSICHORE.

[5] *A doubt had arisen within me, &c.*

Compare Homer’s *Odyssey*, Book vi. 140.

“Meantime in dubious thought the king awaits,
“And self-considering, as he stands, debates ;

"Distant his mournful story to declare
 "Or prostrate at her knee address the pray'r,
 "But fearful to offend, by wisdom sway'd
 "At awful distance he accosts the maid!"

Pope's Translation.

[6] *My late mother's chains.*

In many parts of the Continent, and especially in Bavaria and Rhenish Bavaria, gold and silver chains are time honoured decorations of the female burghers and peasants, and form a picturesque addition to their holiday costumes. These chains are fitted with clasps to the shoulders or laced across the front of the bodice. They frequently have Denk-münze or token-coins—presents from friends and lovers—attached to them, and the whole set of ornaments will often amount to six or seven pounds in value. They are therefore well worthy of being transmitted as heir-looms from one generation to another.

[7] *And in the mills or the taverns.*

The Millers of Germany are a very well-to-do, substantial class of people, and as their mills are generally in commanding situations to which the holiday people resort, they find it convenient to combine the trade of wine purveyors with their regular business.

[8] *The son of my girlhood was given.*

As the fire took place twenty years before, Hermann could not have been more than nineteen. Mr. Holcroft, the first translator of this poem, was so shocked at the hero being the subject of a love story at this early age, that he made the fire happen thirty years before instead of twenty, in order, as he says in a note, to make the affair more in "conformity with our manners,"—but it seems to me important to bear in mind Hermann's youth in order to understand his character, which might otherwise appear to be a little wanting in backbone.

[9] *Of Pamina and of Tamino.*

These are comic characters in Mozart's Opera of the Magic Flute, which had been published not many years before the appearance of this poem.

THALIA.

[10] *And the symmetrical buildings.*

Mannheim is laid out in straight lines, the streets crossing one another at right angles, and thus the town is divided into square blocks of buildings more than a hundred in number.

EUTERPE.

[11.] *Seem'd to peer over the country, &c.*

Compare Iliad, i. 348.

"Not so his loss the fierce Achilles bore;
 "But sad retiring to the sounding shore,
 "O'er the wild margin of the deep he hung,
 "That kindred deep from whence his mother sprung:
 "There bath'd in tears of anger and disdain
 "Thus loud lamented to the stormy main!"

Pope's Translation.

POLYHYMNIA.

[12] *Hermann seiz'd the whip, &c.*

Compare Homer's Odyssey, iii. 477.

"With hasty hand the ruling reins he drew,
 "He lash'd the coursers and the coursers flew.
 "Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
 "Their equal pace, and smok'd along the field."

ERATO.

[13] *This was no apparition, &c.*

A German commentator remarks, "The lovers seem to have been drawn to one another by some magnetic attraction," and he

reminds us that Goethe, in one of his conversations with Eckermann declares, that he frequently in his solitary walks as a youth experienced such a longing for the presence of his beloved one that after a while she actually appeared !

[14] *The kind old stork who had brought him.*

The stork in Germany, whose unwieldy nests balanced on the tops of spires and house-gables no traveller in that country can have failed to notice, serves the same purpose in domestic matters as the parsley bed with us, and the children are told that the venerable bird brings their new brothers and sisters in its bill ready swaddled. In most towns of south Germany a stork with a baby in its mouth is a common ornament to the lids of the bon-bon boxes.

An amusing volume might be written upon the habits of these birds. They have (true to their name which is derived from a Greek word signifying the love existing between parents and children,) a great reputation for filial affection, and yet some of their habits would seem very much to belie it. I am assured by German friends that they always insist upon having an even number of occupants to their nests, and remorselessly turn out child number three or number five to break his neck or starve on the roofs. I am also informed that when the birds assemble for migration they invariably fall upon and tear to pieces one of their number, this probably being grandpapa Stork, who is too old and feeble to make the journey. If this be the reason they are clearly birds of advanced views—already euthanasiasts, and who knows how soon they may become cremationists also ? In Egypt they were venerated on account of their determined enmity to the serpent tribe.

MELPOMENE.

[15] *Our neighbours the French.*

This expression shows that the exiles were not Germans by birth, subjects of the French Government, such as Alsatians or Lorrainers, but were German subjects, possibly from Rhenish Hesse or Rhenish Bavaria.

URANIA.

[16] *Poor in sooth I come, &c.*

Recollect how the father had said in Terpsichore, "For the poor thing who comes like a servant with only a bundle." How completely and literally the worthy man is obliged to ignore his parental sophisms!

[17] *One determin'd man can shape the world to his model.*

Napoleon was only twenty-nine years old at the date of the publication of this poem, and the allusion is not intended for him, but the truth of Goethe's aphorism was soon to be tested. Already at Lodi, Arcola, and elsewhere, Bonaparte had begun to "grasp the skirts of happy chance and breast the blows of circumstance,"—some of them very hard blows too. He had lately been offered the command of the National Guard under the Directory, and to his brothers, who were urging him to accept the post, had replied that at present there was no honorable place but the army, adding—"Have patience, the time is coming when I shall rule Paris!"

[18]

A writer in Fraser's Magazine for March, 1832, says: "Bonaparte walked through the war-convulsed world like an all-devouring earthquake thundering, hurling kingdom over kingdom: Goethe was as the mild, shining, inaudible light, which notwithstanding can again make that chaos into a creation. Thus too we see Napoleon with his Austerlitzes, Waterloos, and Borodinos, is quite gone,—all departed, sunk to silence like a tavern brawl. While this other! *he* still shines with his direct radiance: his inspired words are to abide in living hearts as the inspiration of thinkers born and still unborn. Some fifty years hence, his thinking will be found translated and ground down even to the capacity of the diurnal press: Acts of Parliament will be passed in virtue of him:—this man, if we well consider of it, is appointed to be the ruler of the world. Reader! to thee thyself, even now he has one counsel to give, the secret of his whole poetic alchymy,

